Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

September 20, 1924

"The Holy Earth"

SO bountiful hath been the earth and so securely have we drawn from it our substance, that we have taken it all for granted as if it were only a gift, and with little care or conscious thought of the consequences of our use of it; nor have we very much considered the essential relation that we bear to it as living parts in the vast creation.

It is good to think of ourselves—of this teeming, tense, and aspiring human race—as a helpful and contributing part in the plan of a cosmos, and as participators in some far-reaching destiny. . . . .

We can be only onlookers on that part of the cosmos that we call the far heavens, but it is possible to co-operate in the processes on the surface of the sphere. This co-operation may be conscious and definite, and also useful to the earth; that is, it may be real. . . . .

We come out of the earth and we have a right to the use of the materials; and there is no danger of crass materialism if we recognize the original materials as divine and if we understand our proper relation to the creation, for then will gross selfishness in the use of them be removed.

L. H. Bailey.

Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

RALLY DAY

Sunday, September 29

TO your churches, Universalists, the last Sunday in September! It is Rally Day. Do not wait for your minister to blow his trumpet. Surprise him by rallying ahead of his call. He will have a worth-while message for you. Give him a worth-while hearing. Remember Rally Day is a start, not a finish. It is the beginning, not the end, of a year's work in the church. Make this year a record-breaker in your own life for church attendance, church work and worship. Do this and you will be surprised to see how your church is growing in numbers and in strength, and in power to render the service the world needs.

John Smith Lowe.

* *

RURAL CHURCH NUMBER

WE have received a number of replies to the editorial of F. O. H. on "Radio and the Rural Church," some of which have been published, more of which have not been published. We have received also a communication from Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, author of the editorial, showing that the last thing he had in mind was an attack on the country church as a whole.

We are not publishing any more of these communications. We are setting before ourselves a better task. We are asking the authors of these articles and others to take up thoughtfully and prayerfully this large subject of country life and the country church, and give us their best thought on the subject. As soon as material is available we shall issue a Rural Church Number, in the endeavor to promote better understanding of this problem and appreciation of the difficulties under which rural churches have been doing their work.

Meanwhile let us say that it often happens to the best of us that when we get concentrated on one idea we lose sight of implications.

Dr. Hall was thinking and writing about the radio and the possible revolution it might make, and described the worst of country churches and country church choirs. Unquestionably he inadvertently laid himself open, as he himself freely admits, to the charge that he had a low opinion of country churches in general, but that he has such an opinion no one who knows him believes for a moment.

The *Universalist Leader*, like all other Universalist agencies and individuals, has nothing but gratitude for the services of the country church. All city life, as our correspondents point out, draws its life blood from the country. It draws too much in fact. The country must be considered for itself and not merely as a feeder.

There is no doubt in our minds that city and country churches eventually stand or fall together.

That is why the responsibility of each is the responsibility of all.

We would like to see a careful, patient, intelligent study of this question by everybody.

* *

GIVE OUR MEN A CHANCE

WHERE Dr. Lowe, Mr. Etz, Dr. Atwood, and the others had a chance last spring to talk to the churches, support instantly was given to the financial program of the Universalist General Convention. They sometimes addressed Sunday congregations, sometimes sat down with picked groups, or with boards of trustees, sometimes spoke at parish suppers—almost always it was the same. All that Universalists needed was a statement of the facts. Once presented as these men can present it, it caught the imagination, it fired the heart, it created a spirit of faith and daring.

What was it they were saying to the parishes?

They were saying that the Universalist General Convention needs $1,000,000 for all of its big projects and its current expenses, and that it is raising this over a period of five years, that it has given quotas to the churches to enable it to raise this amount, and asks the churches to put the quotas into the regular budgets, that no other General Convention appeals

will come along, that it takes the place of the regular collection for Japan or for any other purpose.

They were outlining plans for the Perin-Cate Home in Tokyo, for the Memorial Church in Washington, for the Ministerial Pension Fund, for all the general work of the denomination, and saying, "This one quota takes care of everything."

Where they could get a hearing, they said things that appealed to big men and women, for they dealt with big projects. They appealed to orderly, systematic men and women because they made plans to do business in a businesslike way. They appealed to all the vast multitude of the loyal and generous, for they called for that sacrifice in which is the great significance and beauty of life.

Yet—difficult as it is to say it—it must be said here and now that these men have had to beg for chances to be heard. Some ministers have felt that they could not permit an appeal to their heavily burdened parishes for projects which meant more burdens. Conscientious, courageous, honorable men have taken this position. We ask them now to reconsider the matter. Give Atwood, Lowe, Etz and their helpers a chance to be heard. If there are the insuperable difficulties described, they will discover them. If there is another side, they will have a chance to hear it. If they can't convince, then the matter assumes a totally different phase.

In our opinion the success or failure of this whole campaign depends simply and solely on the willingness of our ministers and parishes to let the story be told.

That much service to the common cause we have a right to expect of every man, woman and child in our Church.

* *

JUDGING ONE ANOTHER

SNAP judgment is dangerous in everything, but nowhere more so than in the appraisal of character.

Recently we had three illustrations. Of one of the cheeriest bodies, an acquaintance remarked, "He must be a fault-finding kind of person to have around an office." Of one of the most democratic of our friends, some one said, "He is an awful snob." One of the most modest and considerate executives was declared to be "a boss and a tyrant." Not often do our judgments strike as wide of the mark as in these three cases, but they show the possibility of gross error and they suggest that at the best judgments of human nature only approximate the truth.

What we need to bear constantly in mind is that all the elements in such situations are not easily seen, that a better use of our brains is required, and that kindness, modesty and patience are aids, not hindrances, to the discovery of the real truth.

* *

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE IN CATHOLICITY

Our attention to the *Living Church's* gracious compliment to the *Congregationalist*, to which editorial reference is made, was first called by the honored veteran of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, Dr. F. E. Emrich. Dr. Emrich mentions that he is a regular reader of the High-Church Episcopal organ, which is sent him by a friend. A day or two after receiving Dr. Emrich's note we sat in the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society's annual meeting and heard Dr. Emrich's beautiful prayer. The reader of the High-Church organ, himself a convinced and loyal Congregationalist, prayed most sympathetically for "the other branch of the Congregational fellowship," the Unitarians, meeting in Boston, and for the Universalists, meeting at Providence. What a rich, trustful, and gracious spirit does this reveal! Dr. Emrich is the last man among us to be accused of any heterodoxy, and especially of any lack of sympathy with the organizations and traditions of the past, yet here is a spirit that because of its purity of love and the frank simplicity of its response to the teachings of Jesus Christ just naturally finds itself in harmonious relation to every good impulse and activity of others. Is not that the Christian way? Would not its practise by all Christians make their lives as spiritually serene as that of this saintly man of Massachusetts? And would not the Church be freed from its handicap and limitations and be capable of loftier visions and immeasurably richer service if, even for a generation, the catholicity of Christian love could really be allowed to prevail in the hearts of all who call themselves Christian?—*The Congregationalist.*

NO one can travel even a short distance around Boston without coming constantly upon illustrations of the kind, helpful services rendered constantly by Dr. Emrich. He reminds us of Phillips Brooks' statement that tolerance does not grow out of laxity of conviction, but of intensity of conviction. The man who secretly is afraid of attacks upon his faith or who isn't quite sure himself can not endure statements from another angle. Dr Emrich, a man of positive convictions, is tolerant. But he goes a step farther and is sympathetic. He has insight given him to see the spiritual content back of the expression of a faith. One such man does more for Christian unity than most committees on this subject accomplish throughout their history. We congratulate the Congregationalists upon having Dr. Emrich and upon appreciating him.

* *

"RALLY, BOYS, RALLY"

IN the open warfare of Civil War days one of the words often on the lips of the soldiers was "rally."

The old boys to-day describing their experiences still use it. "We were driven back but rallied," they say. "General A— came dashing down yelling, 'Rally, boys, rally.'" "It was a great rally and took them by surprise."

It meant then a "rapid recovery of self-possession or pluck, or of the normal condition after exhaustion or depression or defeat."

The whole hope of success in those dark years lay in the rallies.

The spirit of the Northern armies found expression in George F. Root's memorable song:

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

To-day the dictionary definition, much akin to the war-time meaning of the word, is: "A lively assembling for a common purpose; concentration of strength after dispersion."

The object of the get-together day in the fall which our officials call "Rally Sunday" is for concen-

tration of strength after the separation and dispersion of the summer.

If the day is wisely observed, if the advertising is well done, if the preparation is complete, if the choir, minister and people are all in tune, it will affect for good the church activities of the entire year.

Rally Day is too valuable an opportunity to throw away.

For ourselves, for our Church, for the work in society the Church ought to do—let us "rally boys, rally."

* *

BEAT HIM TO IT

WHY not beat the minister to it this fall in getting the church into action? We are back from our vacations in the full glow of health and strength. We are renewed in spirit. We have a new grip upon life. We are on edge. We are full of pleasant memories of the mountains, the seashore and the country. Life looks different to us. We are ready for its tasks. They do not discourage us; they challenge us. We are unafraid.

Some of us have not been away; we have been in town all summer. Some of the days have been hot, but some of them have been delightfully cool. We have seen our surroundings at their best. Their beauty has dawned upon us anew. We have enjoyed many wonderful experiences. We, too, have had a change, and we are renewed and invigorated in body, mind and spirit.

We are ready to get in some good licks this fall at a number of things. Why not get in a few for our church before our ardor begins to cool off? Getting under way in the church after the summer vacation is often if not always slow work. We are out of the swing. We are busy getting things straightened around and settled. The result is delay in getting up momentum in the church. The congregations all too frequently are below normal. Things drag. It is up-hill work. The minister, who has returned, hale and hearty, from his month of rest, gets discouraged because he fails to secure the response he ought to get. He feels keenly the responsibility of getting the church started on its way and is troubled by a haunting suspicion that he will have to do most of the starting himself. The question in the back of his mind is, "What shall I do to get my people in line?"

Let's give the minister the surprise of his lifetime this fall. Let us beat him to it in starting the church. By the time he gets into motion we can be in the harness and out in front. If he has to hurry to keep up with us instead of pulling us along after him the experience will make a new man of him. Why not be "self-starters" for once?

You like the idea? You really want to make good? All right, come on, let's go. Get to your telephone. Call up your friends. "Hello! How are you? Sounds good to hear your voice. Have a good summer? Back full of pep, I suppose. So am I, and say, while I think of it, let's make things go in our church this year. It is really up to us. I am not going to play at church any more. It is worth while, or it is not. I'm going to do my part and do it right or drop it, and I'm certainly not going to drop it. Next Sunday is Rally Day. The idea is to get every one out for the church services and have them repeat every Sunday during the year. What do you say? Shall we be on hand ourselves and get after every one else who ought to be there? All right. Glad you will help. See you Rally Day."

Next, use your automobile on Rally Day for the purpose of carrying "shut-ins" and those who live at a long distance to the church. Those of you who are trustees get out a letter and send to the members of your congregation telling them to meet you at church Rally Day. But we don't propose to tell you how to do it.

We merely want to give you the idea, and once you get that you will think of hundreds of ways of your own in which you can do it. Get the idea; that's the point. Beat him to it. Beat your minister to it in starting the church this fall. It may shock him, but he will enjoy the sensation.

J. S. L.

* *

WHAT AMERICA HAS DONE FOR US

JOURNEYING in one of the smaller countries of Europe from which his ancestors emigrated to the United States nearly three hundred years ago, an American traveler was heard to remark, "What would I have been if my people had stayed here?"

The little country is free, tolerant, fertile and, if not prosperous just now, at least it is in line to be prosperous when Europe economically is herself again. There is much in the little country to make life interesting and beautiful—art, music, universities, forests, flowers, gardens, homes, and liberty. But the question the American put to his companions—a question most Americans can properly put to themselves—reminds us of what we owe our country.

Assume that all of our ancestors had stayed in the old countries, had lived somewhere close together. had met and married, had succeeded in raising the same number of children, and that therefore we had flowing in our veins the same blood that flows there to-day—does anybody think we would be the same as we are?

If not, then in all that we differ we are the product of our American environment. Just what this is it is hard to put into words, but it is something which without any spirit of boasting we can recognize as infinitely precious. Part of it is a spirit of youth in the nation as a whole which communicates itself to all our citizens and tends to make us willing to try new things. Part of it is in each of us a sense of equality with all other citizens, which gives us a confidence limited more or less to the governing classes in the old world.

With all the similarities between nations and races, all the ties which bind us together in which we rejoice, there is something unique in our America, which is both a heritage and a responsibility. Part of our heritage is a chance to serve the world as no one else is quite fitted to do. Part of our responsibility is to avoid the follies and mistakes to which we are peculiarly exposed by our qualities and our situation.

Cruising in Convalescing Countries

XIII The Sightseeing Which Drifts Easily On

John van Schaick, Jr.

IN one of the great London dailies, there was an editorial recently on seeing England, inspired by the visit of the American and Canadian Bar Associations, the International Advertising Convention, innumerable tourist parties and other travelers. It spoke of the superiority we all feel toward sight-seers. "An Italian peasant who sees us spending a couple of hours in a church which he passes every day of his life smiles at us with the same air of 'poor fool!' 'poor fool!' with which we might regard a countryman of his, who, guide book in hand, made an elaborate examination of the Marble Arch."

The editorial raised the question as to whether tourists made the best use of their time by going to things Englishmen never go to. The tourists see ancient show places, but do they see England? The alternative suggested was visiting hospitable English friends, and instead of the feverish search for sights "allowing a little of the customary England to drift easily into the mind."

"What, and go home without having done this and that and the other which every one will discuss so proudly on the returning liner? It is a question of taste . . . . seeing the Forum as it was or staying for a week in the villa of some contemporary of Cicero."

There is a deal of sense in the editorial, and, whether one gets invitations or not, one may yield himself more frequently to the spell of the casual, the incidental, and the sight-seeing which drifts easily into the mind.

Living in London for nearly a month, going regularly to school at Toynbee Hall and the other places where the Seminar met, most of our sight-seeing has been the kind which has been done in an easy and natural way.

Take for example a visit to the Associated Press office, down on Carmelite Street at the Victoria Embankment. We follow down Fleet Street, which is the newspaper world, with offices of papers from every corner of the globe, we plunge down a narrow lane to the river, we pass the mouth of an alley where the late afternoon edition of a popular daily is just coming from the press, and we stand among the whirling currents of newsboys, newsmen, trucks, motor cycles and side cars, and all the twentieth century machinery organized to send the sheets before dinner like a snow storm down on all parts of London and into the provinces.

We see our old friend in the A. P. office sitting "like Philip of Spain in his cabinet with messengers arriving silently from all parts of the world." We sit with him in a famous little restaurant and hear how they do it and what some of the things happening mean. One moment it is international tennis or golf, another, the American aviators leaving the Humber River for the Orkneys, and a third Hughes starting for Paris and Berlin, or the President of the Irish Republic arriving from Dublin. A man at the head of such an office has to know news, be able to get it, decide its relative importance and use his men and his money so that he does not make it cost more than it is worth.

We pass Number Ten Downing Street and the crowds of English and Scotch folk waiting to see Ramsay MacDonald come in and out, or meet some of the Ministers who have been lecturing to our group hurrying along Whitehall to an urgent conference on Ireland, the Housing Bill, the Agricultural Wages Bill or, what overshadows everything, the Allied Conference on Reparations.

We stroll through the gardens along the embankment of the Thames and watch the sparrows bathing in the little fountains, and the pigeons dropping down to drink, and the bees making free with the campanulas and the lilies, just as if Herriot and Theunis had not passed that way fighting battles that might be put in Crecy's famous book on the decisive engagements of the world.

For this Whitehall-Trafalgar-Square-Westminster neighborhood may offer the traveler world-famous figures at any moment, and the Thames near by invites one to sit down in the presence of the memorials of the past and under the calm heavens above, and think about what they are doing. History and nature, the library and the open road, Macaulay and John Burroughs—these are things for citizens and statesmen to study, as well as slums, factories, and farms.

There is unending delight in walking about London, through Regent's Park with its zoo and its flowers, through Hyde Park with its meetings of all kinds—free speech, sane and insane—its noble trees, its Serpentine Lake where, from six to eight in the morning, and six to eight at night, the boys swim by the hundred, along the embankment of the Thames or over the bridges—here, as in Paris, or Boston, or New York, the places where one gets the choicest panoramic views of land and water and sky.

One need not walk constantly. There are benches or seats, there are great churches to wander into, there are art galleries to see and think about.

One day, for example, we stopped to see fifty portraits by De Laszlo, the Spaniard, on exhibition in the French Galleries.

Astor, whom we had seen in the morning, was there looking down at us from the canvas, the Pope, with a member of the Papal Guard on one side and a captain of the Noble Guard on the other side, the Queen of Roumania, an Admiral, a Judge, a Mrs. Crookshank—important to us not because of names, but because of the consummate art with which they had been put on canvas. They were life-like portraits by the greatest master alive, and there were the same crowds as in Washington or New York to see the work of the great Spaniard.

Every day going down to Toynbee Hall I rejoiced in the crowds of Bishopsgate and Commercial Street in East London, and in my short cut where vehicles

could not follow, through White's Row and Artillery Passage with their stores, their homes, their dogs, their swarming children, their hardships, and their ideals, I came to look for special window boxes in what we would call interior alleys and courts. I was struck with the great number of them—against the grimiest of brick walls, holding up their color to the light which somehow does find it way down into densest London. One of the Parliamentary Secretaries spoke to us later of a similar experience he had going down to one of the blackest, filthiest of slums, where the buildings have had to be condemned but where the people keep plants blooming. "It gave me great hope for mankind," said he, "to find even here these symbols of aspiration and idealism."

Recently my business took me late in the day by Underground down to the region of the General Post Office in the Old City. It was only 5.15 when I started back, so I decided to walk. It was indescribably fascinating, the first dark cloudy afternoon we had had.

I began listing on the back of my package the things I liked. First there was the Post Office itself and Grayfriars Church alongside. Then came Saint Bartholomew's Church. But there were many more things than churches. Newgate Street led straight on to Holborn Viaduct and to the Old Bailey, or Central Criminal Court, at the corner of Old Bailey and Newgate Streets. The Old Bailey stands where Newgate Prison stood so long. Over it is the inscription, "Defend the children of the poor and punish the wrongdoer." I didn't stop to commune with the spirits of the hundreds hanged in front of Newgate or with the spirits of good men like William Penn confined there, but pushed on over Holborn Viaduct, with a world roaring by underneath and another passing me on the upper level, where I was swinging along homeward with homeward-bound London. Past St. Sepulcher, where they once tolled the knell of every condemned man hung across the way and "gave a nosegay to every criminal on his way to execution at Tyburn"—embryonic social service as it were—and where I would have stopped had I known Captain John Smith, sometime "Governor of Virginia and Admirall of New England," lay buried there; past Goodwin's soap works, Rodgers' Electric Plate, Royal Doulton's and Jones and Son's wonderful porcelain and china, just opposite the City Temple, past the Parish Church of St. Andrew, backing up to City Temple most contemptuously, and so to Holborn Circus. Dropping my eyes chastely at Fearons' "Wine and Spirit Shop," I looked back to get the only good view of the exterior of City Temple, and studied a bit the statue of the Prince Consort on horseback dividing traffic in that maelstrom the long years through. Past "Aerated bread," past "Hairdressing Saloons for Ladies and Gentlemen" about which irate Londoners are now writing to the papers, for "the women sit in rows to have their hair bobbed and necks shaved," to the delay of busy men, past "sales" of every conceivable kind, "for to-day only" until to-morrow comes again with new life and hope, on I made my way.

So goes London home at night from the City, hurrying along the highway, dodging into alleys, turning into courts, dropping into the Underground, running for the buses, tearing by in motors, men and women, strong and feeble, just starting the pilgrimage, just about to end it—to Hampstead, to Kensington, to Paddington, to Hammersmith, to Primrose Hill and Kentish Town, and a hundred other little cities which make up this amazing whole.

The way leads past the simple square cenotaph in the middle of High Holborn with this staggering inscription: "The Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment, to the glorious memory of the 22,000 men who fell in the Great War." Some twenty-two times this one regiment was wiped out and recruited in the awful struggle.

There is a little turning to my right marked Gray's Inn. I take it for a moment and I leave the rush and roar behind as if they were on another planet. I can hardly realize that I am at old Gray's Inn, but I am. It is one of the ancient societies of lawyers, of which there are four—the others being the Temple, Middle and Inner, and Lincoln's Inn—called the Inns of Court, and possessing exclusive control of the study of law and admission to the bar. They are not small inner courts, but dignified and spacious. In Gray's Inn are several courts, venerable buildings, grassy spaces and magnificent trees. One moment one is looking at the rush of High Holborn, the next at young barristers in flannels playing tennis, at little shops for "High Court Forms," stationers, the quiet offices of solicitors, the chambers of barristers or students. Sir Francis Bacon, author, scientist, Lord High Chancellor, and various things connected with Gray's Inn, stands there to bless it all. Thus before I reached home I dived into Lincoln's Inn Fields—past the old book shops, past the "Great Turnstile," and was facing a beautiful park, the Great Hall and Library.

There is more of the breath of life in such an expedition, foot free, along the way that opens up by chance, than in all the tourist rounds ever organized. The parties don't stop at the White Horse Restaurant or the Bun House. They don't let you plunge in and cross and recross the traffic. They don't give you time to watch Buses 17, or 25A, or 25C, or 7A, or 22, with their crowded tops. They don't give you the delightful surprise of finding you are gradually getting back to your own familiar Bloomsbury. From Newgate to Holborn Viaduct, to Holborn, to High Holborn, to Oxford St., we have traveled, but it is one straight street and goes roaring on for miles more westward.

Looking up the route I came, I see that I passed the site of Old Furnival's Inn, where Charles Dickens was living when he began the Pickwick Papers.

One scarcely needs the reminder of Charles Dickens, for, prowling about London by night or by day, he who loved precisely this sort of thing comes continually to mind.

Prowling around Wembley is another story, but it ought to have several pages all to itself if I ever get the time.

This casual touring may be a lazy man's way of seeing the sights, but it is the delightful way, and it sends one willingly to the books to read about it afterward.

The theaters also have been a source of rest and

change. I have enjoyed them better than at home. The air is purer, the seats are easier, there is more room for your legs and a place to put your hat, and a better place to walk between the acts. Perhaps we picked our plays with care, but the acting was unusually high grade and the plays clean. We were at the St. James, to see "The Green Goddess," the scene of which is laid in one of the native states of India, at the Globe to see W. Somerset Maughm's play "Our Betters," at the Haymarket to see Arnold Bennett's "The Great Adventure," and at the Adelphi to see a revival of "Diplomacy," by Victorien Sardou.

Besides, we saw a series of fascinating short Indian plays, many by Tagore, out at Lord Leverhulme's, with Das Gupta, a talented Indian, director of the Society for East and West, acting as producer, and Charles F. Weller of Washington and Elizabeth, N. J., bossing the show.

Weller, a man whom we used to see marshaling half the population of South Washington for a neighborhood pageant or festival, appeared with a nobleman's estate turned over to him, English children to sing in the choruses, dark-skinned Indians in gorgeous robes, and fashionable Londoners, English and Indian actors, and he used all his materials to interpret East to West and West to East as naturally as he used to lecture on the Parable of the Good Samaritan at home. We are not surprised to meet anybody anywhere, for the different parts of the world are getting acquainted.

Mobilize for World Justice, Peace and Brotherhood on Rally Day

John Smith Lowe

RALLY DAY, coming as it does on the heels of National Defense Day, is our opportunity to mobilize the working forces of the Church in behalf of world justice, peace, and brotherhood.

Again we send out the annual trumpet call to our people to rally to their churches. All right. Let us heed it, by all means, and fill the pews. But to what are we going to rally the churches? The greatest issue before the Church to-day is that of war or peace.

On September 12, National Defense Day, the nation doubled up its mailed fist and gave it a vigorous shake. It was a military demonstration. The idea was to show ourselves and the world how thoroughly and quickly we can get ready for war.

With the world as war-weary as it is at the present time it was a wholly unnecessary move. With serious talk about peace and disarmament more in the air than at any time since the signing of the Armistice in 1918, it was psychologically bad judgment for the most unwarlike, peace-loving nation in the world to sharpen its swords and point its bayonets in public. However we explain our motives, such a demonstration takes on the appearance of a hostile act. As such it invites more trouble than it dispels. True, we can not be sure we have reached a stage where we shall not be called upon to defend ourselves. Most of us stand ready to resort to defense if driven to it. We are not opposed to being ready to defend ourselves if defense becomes necessary. Our belief is that just now it is our duty as Christians to throw our whole weight into a mighty effort to bring our world to a point where defense will no longer be necessary. Now is the time to strike for peace. War gestures are out of place. Only the wildest imagination can see a threat on the horizon at the present moment. There is no such threat.

We are nearer the goal of a warless world than ever before. The army of peace advocates, well organized and aggressive, is rolling up a numerical strength in every nation on earth that will soon constitute an irresistible force. The reparations question has been settled. The Dawes plan is in operation. The evacuation of the Ruhr is taking place. "Germany must have a seat in the League of Nations" is the word that comes from Geneva. Representatives of the Great Powers at the meeting of the League of Nations are talking peace and proposing another world conference on arbitration and disarmament. In Japan under the direction of the National Educational Association our National Defense Day was observed as "Anti-War Day."

On September 12 we practised mobilizing the forces of war. On September 28 let us practise mobilizing the forces of our Church for peace. Let us add our combined strength to the rising tide of peace sentiment that is spreading over the globe. The voices of those from every race and clime who would banish the War Demon forever from our midst make up a mighty anthem. Let us swell the chorus. Let us swell it until, sweeping on like an avalanche, it overthrows the war system of the world.

Yes, Universalists, rally to your churches on Rally Day, but rally your churches in the world-wide drive to outlaw and banish war. Make Rally Day a Denominational Mobilization Day. Let us put every ounce of our energy into a supreme effort to mobilize the resources of our Church in behalf of world justice, world brotherhood and world peace.

The late President Harding said, "If I catch the conscience of America, we shall lead the world to outlaw war." As heralds of the Universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of Man we are under obligation to help lead America in her laudable crusade. General Tasker H. Bliss says: "The responsibility for ending war is entirely on professing Christians of the United States." It is a terrific challenge that General Bliss hurls at us, but we deserve it. Let us take it without side-stepping or flinching.

Make Rally Day this fall a resounding call to brotherhood and peace that will echo and reverberate throughout the nation.

American Seminar in London--II

THE seventy editors, clergymen, writers, lecturers, college professors, and social workers who spent three weeks in London in attendance upon the American Seminar at Toynbee Hall, departed for the Continent July 31—a few by air, the majority by land and water. From Holland to Germany, to Switzerland, to Paris, to the steamer, all in a little over three weeks, they ran the race set before them, but no party of travelers over here had a better chance to get into touch with the different currents of thought swirling through Europe than this party had. Interviews, meetings, addresses, were arranged in advance and they met the men who are making history.

By far the greater number of the members of the party believe in making progress through orderly development or evolution. But they are not afraid to talk to socialists, lunch with Russians, meet Germans, any one of which acts would jeopardize their standing in many communities of the United States. From my standpoint the more ultra-radical and ultra-conservative people who can be given a free full hearing, the better it is for the liberalism in which I personally believe.

The radicals, conservatives and liberals who have appeared before the Seminar have been intelligent. They have known history and economics. Many have been deeply religious. All the members of the Seminar have been impressed with the importance of having the different standpoints fully and freely expressed. That is one thing we do not yet understand in the United States. To many of us the attempt to do what we have done here in Europe savors of something immoral.

On the other hand people who travel about the world in this way soon learn the stupidity of assuming that all conservatives are selfish, all rich men indifferent to the well-being of the mass of mankind.

President Irving Maurer of Beloit College, in one of the discussion sessions, said the Seminar had driven home to all of us "the importance of frank speech and of tolerance." If any class or group is misrepresented we have no right to keep silence. If wrong ideas are taught, we should combat them. "The Englishman, however, debates without leaving that sting we often leave. He tosses off a truth with a smile. We do it with a sense of great effort, as if we were doing some awful thing, and create alarm by our manner. Let us go back and speak frankly but naturally, sweetly, and be willing others should speak."

Mr. W. L. Hitchins, a member of one of the large shipbuilding firms of Great Britain, told the members of the Seminar to remember that employers are much like other people. "Though my industry is facing a period of great depression," he said, "I am optimistic about human nature. It is a mistake to run men down. They are children of God. If this is true, it is wrong to despair about them. Our task is to bring out the best in them, not the worst. This constant drip, drip, drip of depreciation of any class does no good.

"To-day in England everybody has less money to spend than before the war. Our population is forty-three or forty-four millions, more to the square mile than any other country in the world. We have 800 to the square mile. The United States has thirty. From one-third to one-half of our people are dependent on foreign trade. To make England a self dependent nation we would have to bring our population down to twenty-five million. To-day our foreign trade is 70 per cent of what it was before the war, and we have over a million men out of work. In all trade and industry we lack world thinking. During the war many new factories were run up for war products. After the war we had to find something for them to do. Instead of asking what is it that the world needs, we set these factories to work making iron and steel products. There are too many steel and engineering factories in the world. During the war, we loaned money to India, Australia, Canada and South Africa to put up factories of the same kind. Now those factories are our competitors.

"The world has been concentrating its attention on how to sell—not on how to get paid for what it sells. In the last analysis, a country must pay for what it buys in goods. Trade is exchange. Money is incidental. Every country is saying, let us develop our export trade without an import. The United States says this too. If you want an export trade, you must have an import. There is nobody whose job it is to think internationally on this subject.

"In India, there are home weavers. Lancashire sends in machine-made goods. They undersell the Indians and many have no work. There is a boom in Lancashire and suffering in India. India imports machinery and with cheaper labor undersells Lancashire. There is a boom in India and great suffering in Lancashire. Is the employer to blame? No—it is an economic law.

"If we want trade with another country, we must allow them to trade with us. I prefer to put it in another way. If we want to be prosperous, we must look out for the prosperity of other people. We should be directly interested in seeing Asia developed and become rich and prosperous. We can not afford to let any part of the world live in misery. There ought to be an adjunct to the League of Nations or an independent body to help the nations think internationally on economic subjects."

To me one of the most interesting men heard in London was J. L. Garvin, editor of the *Sunday Observer*, a weekly paper which carries the late Saturday news and is made famous by a long signed editorial by the editor. His address was upon the Peace of Versailles, which he considered as bad and unwise an instrument as was ever signed. Among other things he said:

"In America I sometimes read that Mr. Wilson—a name which, with all the faults associated with it, and they are profound, I can never mention as long as I live without reverence and respect—that Mr. Wilson had the wool pulled over his eyes. That is not the truth. It wasn't the statesmen who did it.

It was the outbreak of elemental passion on the part of people and inflamed masses who asked for the utmost they could dream and threatened to break the statesmen if they did not conform. . . . Mr. Wilson, by a great nobility of error, not counting upon the shortness of human life, had made the League of Nations his main aim, and to get that League established he was prepared to compromise the principles for which he stood. He believed that the League of Nations would revise and put straight in time whatever might be wrong in other parts of the treaty. I thought he was right at the time. I didn't know, of course, what was going to happen in America."

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, the "Woodbine Willie" of the war, defined Christianity as a picture of the Fatherhood of God and a picture of ascension through sacrifice to glory. "The Apostles' Creed contains a picture of birth, death, resurrection, ascension. Evolution means ascension through sacrifice to glory. That is the Christian theory of ultimate values. That is the thing I must suffer for and work out. The longer I go at it the more I feel I must change my way of life, give up things I have, and suffer more than I do, but the real thing is that I don't want to. I want to be comfortable. It is not ultimately an intellectual problem, but a moral problem we are up against. I see no power that will make me sacrifice but the love of God."

In an article upon "What Conservatives Can Say," to be published Sept. 20, we speak of Lord Eustace Percy and of what the Conservatives can say for themselves. We have already spoken of Mr. Ramsay Muir and the young Liberals. We can not present the labor view any better than in the moving words of Mr. Robert Smillie, M. P., whose autobiography has recently been published. In part he said:

"I feel sure that most of you realize that meetings are nothing new to me. For nearly forty years I have been addressing meetings, sometimes on street corners, sometimes great demonstrations of miners and others, and my experience is that some meetings are more difficult to speak to than others. I always feel nervous when I am addressing a meeting of what is called 'intellectuals.' It is almost an impertinence, I think, for me to speak even on labor subjects to men and women in the position that you are. I am not a scientist nor an educated person, and all that I could speak to you about to-day would be the struggles that the Labor Movement has had in this country.

"I do not know whether there are many papers in America that would define me as a terrible person, a rebel, and all that kind of thing; but our newspapers here have dealt with that. I would like to point out that after all that the press has said about me, and after all the fearful cartoons that appear from time to time, I have some little claim to respectability. I have been on speaking terms with a number of dukes, and I know that many of the people who write those terrible articles about me would almost give their souls to be on speaking terms with dukes. I can not, therefore, be really so bad as the papers make out. I plead guilty, however, to being a rebel against our present social conditions in this country. I don't think that rebels in any movement are altogether born. Very often they are made, they are created by the circumstances in which they are placed.

"Having been born and raised in poverty, I was thus denied even an elementary education, and this probably fitted me to enter into the state of rebellion against the system at an earlier stage than I otherwise might have done. About seventeen or eighteen years of age, I was living in a mining village in Scotland. Now young miners are cheeky people, and when I was about twenty-one I was sufficiently cheeky to ask a girl to marry me. Looking back on it now it was a terribly cheeky thing to do, because she was comfortable in her home and I was earning about three shillings a day. But she was just as foolish as I was, because she agreed, and we settled down. Within a few years the bairns began to arrive, and we started our little home on three shillings per day. For ten years I put in hard work cutting coal, and remember on some occasions being able to bring home fifteen or sixteen shillings for a week's work. With such wages it was not unnatural that for a period my wife found herself in the position of not being able to give the children the food they required, nor to clothe them. She herself could not get anything like sufficient food to keep her as strong as she ought to have been.

"I had been taught as a child, in whatever position in life it pleased God to place me, therein to be content. Looking back on it now I feel that it was a very convenient doctrine for the possessing classes to impress upon the dispossessed classes. Where I and my companions were working at this time there was a gentleman living in a palace about four miles from where I lived. My wife and I and four children were living in a single room thirteen feet square, which was our sleeping apartment, our library, our dining-room, all in one. That is where the children were born, where the mother did all her washing, where the pit clothes were dried during the night for the father to put on in the morning. But four miles from us there was a man and his wife and one child living in a palace of some 200 rooms set in the midst of a beautiful park. That gentleman happened to be the owner of the ground for twenty or thirty miles around. For every ton of coal produced by the miners he received as much per ton in royalty rate as the coal diggers got for their work. His annual royalties amounted to 220,000 pounds. He was getting as much as the workers were getting for risking their lives to get it. I began to ask myself whether God had really intended that this beautiful world that He made, and this storehouse, the earth, which He had prepared, whether it was intended that one of His children was to be in possession of the surface and everything under it while another part of His children were to be continually kept in starvation. I could not believe that any God worthy of worship would foreordain a thing of that kind, and I came to the conclusion that the poverty of my people on the one hand and the useless luxury of another class on the other hand were not God's doings but man's doings. I then and there became a rebel against that system under which we were working.

"My lot was the common lot of forty or fifty thousand people in the county in which I lived. In every mining district the same state of affairs was going on. Although I had no education, although I had no special aptitude to speak to people, I made up my mind that it was my duty to go out and organize my fellow men against this state of affairs. So we began at this early date to organize industrially into a trade union, believing that it was only by collective bargaining with the employers that we could improve our wage conditions and shorten our hours of labor. Mining, whether it is in America or Scotland, is probably the most laborious work that is to be encountered by any class of workmen. It is, also, the most dangerous, and we thought that ten to eleven hours of that each day was too long. It was at that time that we began to agitate for shorter hours.

"At that time I began to hold meetings with my fellow workers to urge them to organize, not that they might take over the mines of the country, but that they might get a shilling or two shillings a day more, that they might get the mines better ventilated so that their health would be more secure. The employers of that day didn't allow their workmen to organize their fellow workmen, and the consequence was that I was dismissed from the mine. Now to be dismissed from your employment didn't mean merely that you had lost one master and could secure another quite easily. Your name went to employers for miles about and you could not be employed in that county again. For eighteen weeks I walked up and down trying to find some person to give me employment in coal pits, and I believe that

finished my apprenticeship as a rebel. I then became a full-fledged rebel against that system. At that time we had a hatred against individual employers. I had almost reached the stage that I would like to have seen them all dead. Since then, of course, I have learned that it is not so much the indiv duals that are to blame as the system itself, and my hatred has changed from the hatred of individuals to the hatred of the system, because I find that the employers are just as much the slaves of the system as we are. I have found a very large number of amazingly good and kind people among them. I found employers in the coal mining industry who would gladly improve the conditions of their workmen by paying them decent rates of wages, giving them decent treatment, but they were prevented from doing so because if they endeavored to make the conditions as good as they wanted to, it meant raising prices, and competition with other employers would then put them out of action.

"For eighty years we had been endeavoring to get by law legislative changes which would secure greater safety for the mine worker. At the present time every four hours one person engaged in industry here in Great Britain is killed. In the mining industry one person is either killed or injured every twelve hours. This would have been worse if it hadn't been for the legislation passed during the last sixty years. From my reading I learned that from 1842 every step in the direction of greater safety was opposed by the mining interests in the legislature. In 1842 the children of six, seven and eight years were working in the mines. In some parts women and girls were working under ground. Little children seven, eight and nine were working sixteen hours a day under ground. When some legislators belonging to the land-owning class asked for a commission and found out the terrible state of things that existed in the mines and factories, they brought in legislation to improve mining conditions, and members in the House of Commons rose and said if you put the women and children out of the coal mines you will ruin the mining industry. I put it to the credit of the legislators of that time that though there were no Labor representatives in the House of Commons, the House passed a law appointing Government inspectors to visit the mines to improve the safety of the workers. From that time down there have been more legislative attempts to improve the safety conditions in the mines, but every attempt to improve social conditions has been opposed.

"There is not one coal mine in any part of Great Britain which was sunk in the interests of the people. Every coal mine was sunk and is producing coal not because the community wants and requires coal, but for the sole object of securing dividends on invested capital. The Labor Party are in favor of taking over the coal mines and working them because the nation requires the coal, even though no great saving would result under national ownership or guidance. Under private ownership the lives of the workers under ground is as nothing in comparison with the interest of the person who owns the place. There was 150,000,000 pounds invested in coal mines in England prior to the war. The mine owners who had that money invested claimed the full right to the full management and production and commercial domination of the mines of this country. The workman had no voice. We venture to assert that the millions of men and boys who risk their lives ought to have a better right to a voice in the management and safety measures than the men who invest the 150,000,000 pounds. The lives of the workmen ought to be considered of more value than money.

"When the Coal Commission sat I asked one of the young dukes, who was very agreeable and quite nice enough to be an ordinary blacksmith or collier, what his claim to his estate was. 'Do you own the whole surface of your estate?' I asked him. 'Yes.' 'Do you own the rivers that run over your estate?' 'Of course.' 'Do you own the fowls of the air that fly over your land?' 'Yes.' You see he was very frank about it. When I was a boy I had been told that if I told lies or was guilty of theft, I would go down some place under the earth. I asked this fellow how far down his claim went. 'Logically, Mr. Smillie, our claims go down from the grass to the center.' 'I see; and the chaps who own the land in Australia, their claims go up to meet yours, is that it?' 'Yes, I suppose so, at least legally.' Then I knew that these fellows owned the whole globe, and that, therefore, they owned this place that I had been told I would go to if I were bad! But I was interested in another phase of this question as well, so I asked him, 'How far up do your claims go?' 'That is a point, Mr. Smillie, that has not yet been settled, but there is a commission sitting on the matter now.'

"Any one owning land in this country does not spend money boring to find out whether there is coal under it. He lets some one else spend the money for that. Should they discover that there is coal, the land owner doesn't spend mony to sink a shaft. He lets some one else do that. They invest their money. Then the landlord begins to draw royalty returns. Nearly every inch of these islands of ours is privately owned. Before scraping the surface or reaping the wheat you must first square with the land-owners. You can't get a place for your body to be buried until you square with the land-owner. The earth is as essential to the life of a human being as is the sunshine or fresh air or the water. Those are the four prime essentials—land, sunshine, fresh air and water. Without any one of those four you can't live for any length of time. I have pointed out more than once that had the ingenuity of men conferred upon us the power to bottle up the sunshine or the atmosphere, then there would have been a Limited Liability Company formed to take it over and let it out to you and me through a meter at so much per square yard.

"It has been said that all this present poverty is a result of the war. It is largely true. But it is not true to say that there would not have been poverty without the war. We have always had poverty. A very small number of the workers I know have ever been removed more than two or three or four weeks from absolute want if they were out of employment.

"We have some cases where two families are living in a house with but one roof. Side by side with that we have families of two or three persons that own two, three, up to nine mansion houses in different parts of the country. I am out against that kind of thing. I say that is wrong. The people who are best entitled to good houses, good clothing and good education are the producing classes, the people who by hand or brain add to the production of wealth.

"This is our reason for having formed a Labor Party in this country. The women only recently got conferred on them the right to vote. The men folk had neglected them. They seemed to look upon their wives and daughters as being inferior creatures. I have never looked upon my own wife or my daughter as being inferior to anybody. I look upon them as being the equals of any class of women. I look upon the woman that goes through the struggles that the large majority of our women folk do, the struggles of bearing the bairns and rearing them, the struggles of providing for and bringing up those children, as superior to the class that do not have to go through that struggle. We were afraid that our women folk would not join us in this Labor Movement. But they came out into the movement; and those of us who had given our lives to propaganda hardly know the A B C's of propaganda compared to what the women know. In the city of Durham the other day 10,000 working class women marched in procession, held their mass meeting and didn't call upon the lords of creation—the men folk—to do any speaking for them. They do it all themselves now. My own wife, after being terribly kept down for nearly forty years, is out into the movement now. I used to think I was away from home most of the time, but now when I come home at night and see my wife putting on her hat I ask her where she is going. 'To the mass meeting of this or that union,' she replies. The next night it is some other organization, and the same way the rest of the week, until now when she goes out the door she says, 'You needn't sit up for me to-night, Bob.'

"Our women are going to do magnificently, and I am glad that is so. Our women have more to gain from a change than the men folk, because they have been the greatest sufferers. They will help us to establish a better sort of society than we have had up to this time. The death rate of the babies of working class mothers is twice as high as those of the non-working

class. I say that it ought to be possible to lower the death rate in the working class to the average. The doctors know that it is untrue to say that they die from natural causes. It is from unnatural causes over which we have control; it is because the mother neither before nor after the child's birth has the chance to give it the care it ought to have.

"We are out to get our homes such that it will be possible for the mother to have a little pleasure. We are out to make our homes such as will prevent to a great extent the drinking system amongst our people which is going on at the present time. To a very great extent our mining people are driven to drink because they want to get out of their miserable homes. Our children ought to have a better opportunity because you can not have the best citizens of the future unless the children of to-day get a better chance.

"Mr. Lloyd George is again making an appeal to the mining folk to send him back to power, and he has appointed a committee to make inquiry into the conditions of the mines with a view to the Liberal Party getting into power. Even now, however, he doesn't propose to take from the land-owners of this country their mineral possessions. He proposes to buy them from the owners. I have done everything in my power and will do everything in my power to prevent our nation buying the minerals that are underneath the surface of the land. I am desirous that they should be taken. The land previously was stolen from the common people, the minerals stolen with it as a part of the theft, and I am for restoring these to the nation without paying compensation. He says something will have to be done to the mines. He is not prepared to nationalize the mines, although the commission which he set up a few years ago recommended either the nationalization of the mines or the consolidation of the mines in some way with the mine workers getting a voice in the management. While he has been able to hoodwink the electors on one or two occasions, he will not be able to do it again. I do not think that he will be able to reinstate himself in the trust of the people of this country. He has had the opportunity again and again to do everything which he promises to do at the present time, and he has never moved his pen, voice or finger in time to carry it out."

At the close of his address, Mr. Smillie was asked this question: "You said that the land of England had been stolen from the common people. Will you explain what you mean by that?" He said in reply: "During our Continental wars, when nearly all the able-bodied population of our rural districts were away fighting, the neighboring land-owner who might own 100, 200 or 1,000 acres of land, simply fenced in the common land belonging to the people and added it to his own estate. That was done in hundreds of cases, and millions of acres were stolen in this way. These wealthy land-owners comprised the Parliament of that day, and they brought in an Act of Parliament legalizing their theft, handing over to themselves this land that they had stolen. At the present time the Duke of Sutherland owns 1,300,000 acres of land, most of which at one time was cultivated by men and women. Now it is mostly under grouse and deer."

J. V. S.

Our Prayers Together

Conducted by A. Gertrude Earle

Saturday, September 27

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.—*Psa.* 103 : 13, 14.

That I have felt the rushing wind of Thee:
That I have run before Thy blast to sea;
That my one moment of transcendent strife
Is more than many years of listless life;
Beautiful Power, I praise Thee: yet I send
A prayer that sudden strength be not the end.
Desert me not when from my flagging sails
Thy breathing dies away, and virtue fails:
When Thou hast spent the glory of that gust,
Remember still the body of this dust.

Stephen Phillips.

Sunday, September 28

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—*Isaiah* 26 : 3, 4.

These are the gifts I ask of thee,
Spirit serene,
Strength for the daily task;
Courage to face the road;
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load;
And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

Henry Van Dyke.

Monday, September 29

Then an expert in the law got up to test him and said,

"Master, what must I do to make sure of eternal life?"

Jesus said to him,

"What does the law say? How does it read?"

He answered,

"You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole strength, and your whole mind, and your neighbor as yourself."

Jesus said to him,

"You are right. Do that, and you will live."—*Luke* 10 : 25-28. (*Goodspeed translation.*)

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not, knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

John Drinkwater.

Tuesday, September 30

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.—*Isaiah* 43 : 2.

You that uphold the world,
Uphold me.
You that light the sun,
Make me see.
Bear with my sorrow:
Help me meet the morrow,
Patiently.

O'er the road we may know not
To end we must fear not,
Guide us, O Mighty One!

Alice Brown.

Wednesday, October 1

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before my eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—*Isaiah* 1 : 16-18.

Lord, mine eye
Is fixed on Thee, to Thee I cry!
Cleanse, Lord, and purify my heart
And make it clean in every part.
And when 'tis pure, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

Thomas Ellwood.

Thursday, October 2

For once you were sheer darkness, but now, as Christians, you are light itself. You must live like children of light, for light leads to perfect goodness, uprightness, and truth; you must make sure what pleases the Lord.—*Ephesians* 5 : 8-10. (*Goodspeed translation.*)

Only for these I pray,
Pray with assurance strong:
Light to discover the way,
Power to follow it long.

My prayers are lesser than three,
Nothing I pray but two;
Let me have light to see,
Let me have power to do.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Friday, October 3

In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 *Thess.* 5 : 18.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought,
Lord, for the wicked will,
Betrayed and baffled still,
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.
For ignorant hopes that were
Broken at our blind prayer,
For pain, death, sorrow sent,
Unto our chastisement,
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

William Dean Howells.

Laymen on Church Attendance

SOME time ago Dr. Lewis G. Wilson of the Unitarian Church conducted an investigation into the subject of church attendance, the report of which has been reprinted by the American Unitarian Association in a pamphlet for free distribution.

As our churches are reopening for the year we consider it important to call attention to the result of this investigation. Mr. Wilson, summarizing the matter, writes as follows:

The testimonies here presented upon the subject of "Church Attendance" are contributed by one hundred and fifty laymen from seventy-five Unitarian churches scattered about the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard, and from several cities in Canada to Dallas and New Orleans. These men are regular attendants upon the services of their respective churches. They are not the men who comment upon the futility of the church, but those who assume its obligations and enjoy its privileges.

These men have, in the main, worked out for themselves definite and practical views concerning their relations to the communities in which they live, and have abiding convictions about their responsibilities as rational members of society. To them the church is not an institution out begging for a function and a future. They have demonstrated to their own satisfaction its importance in the world of to-day.

The question put to them was as follows:

> "Will you kindly state, as briefly and comprehensively as possible, why you are a regular attendant at church?
>
> "If you should suddenly find it impossible to be an attendant upon the services of your church, of just what, do you imagine, would you feel most keenly deprived?"

1. *Habit.* Out of the one hundred and fifty replies to this two-fold question *fifty* specifically declare, in various ways, of which this is a good example: "I suppose the underlying reason is that I was brought up to go—not by rigorous insistence on the part of my parents, but from their example." That is, it is superficially a matter of *habit.*

2. *Privilege.* The second thing emphasized in the answers was *privilege.* It is a privilege to enjoy the freedom of the liberal church and to listen to interpretations of life which seem sane and reasonable. Many replies containing this response are buoyant and enthusiastic. "It is a privilege," says one, "to assist in maintaining an institution that stands for the uplift of humanity in our community. It helps to keep the poise and sanity of daily life."

3. *Associations.* Churches appeal to people who have ideals and want to be kept true to them. Hence the friendly associations incidental to church attendance are often emphasized as forming one of its greatest incentives. One says, "Association with the actively philanthropic and church-going people is beneficial." "It excites intellectual, moral, and spiritual activity and growth." In the small country town it is a "social center where people combine in forwarding the higher interests of the community." A great number of the answers to the question as to what would be most keenly missed if one found it impossible to attend church were received, one of which follows:

> "I should feel most keenly the loss of association with fellow-workers and the resultant inspiration to work for the progress of mankind onward and upward forever."

4. *Duty.* Duty appeared also in the answers, as the following examples indicate:

"I feel that I owe a duty to do my share toward making the church a vigorous body. Attending church is the least one can do."

What better statement could a lover of business integrity, having a conscientious regard for every genuine responsibility, make than the following:

"Giving money is necessary, but does not excuse from attendance. I therefore accept a *contract* with the minister to come to the service, just as much as he accepts a contract to serve us. I also contract with the society to be one *of* that society, and I keep my bargain. 'What's everybody's business' is *my* business, and I shall be there! Briefly, therefore, acceptance of *my* responsibility to a *cause* which is worth my contract."

5. *Example.* Example set before others was emphasized by a large number, as in the following reply:

"I feel it a duty incumbent upon me as far as possible by my example to lead my children in the paths which have afforded to me so much profit, satisfaction, and comfort."

"We came to —— seventeen years ago with three small children. We have been rather constant at church on their account, because we believed it was better to go to church with them rather than send them alone. *We think the idea has proved a good one.*"

"It is a great satisfaction to me to see my children grow up in the pleasant surroundings of a liberal church. The church is mine in the same sense that my family and business are mine. To stay away from service would to me be a loss equal to staying away from my family table or place of business."

"I am so thoroughly committed to my church that I want all comers, regular and occasional, to find me in my place on Sunday."

" A family life without the influence of the church to leaven its selfishness and broaden its humanity would be unfortunate."

6. *Loyalty to the Institution.* In practically all of the one hundred and fifty replies this reason for church attendance is implied, even where it is not specifically stated. But in many instances it is so clearly and pungently expressed that a few responses under this head may well be reported:

"The church as an institution promotes good citizenship; and as a good citizen, which I aspire to be, I should support and attend it."

"Feeling the church to be a guardian in our midst, a help to town, state, and good government, I cheerfully assist in its support and by my attendance, hoping the next generation may also."

"Elevation of Character," "Repair of Waste," "The Corporate Life of the Congregation," are among the other subjects discussed, but probably more emphasis was laid upon "*Spiritual Quickening*" than any other subject:

"I am taken out of every-day cares and anxieties. The sermon and service help to elevate my ideals above the merely material, to give me glimpses of the spiritual and eternal."

"I am the possessor by inheritance of a spirit of reverence, love, and service. Attendance at church stimulates and enlarges this inheritance. Outside my home life my church life affords the most inviting and satisfying field of love and service."

This same writer declares that, if he were deprived of the church, he would miss most keenly "the peculiar channel which my church furnishes for the sending and receiving of those wireless messages of the heart and soul which come and go like the sunlight."

Again, others express themselves upon this point as follows:

"Prolonged absence from *any* church service is not good for the soul,—in fact, productive of a monotony in one's life."

"The services are an inspiration, and the whole atmosphere of worship, joined with my fellow-beings, lifts me to a higher plane, making the Sunday hours of religious observance a source of cheerful aspiration, quickening all good impulses and giving a greater firmness to my conviction of the reality of an eternal life."

"This world is so much with us, the present and the material so force themselves on my attention, that I am in constant peril of becoming submerged in the temporal and transitory. The church is designed to bring the spiritual and the eternal regularly and pointedly to my attention, and to assist in preserving to my consciousness the essential nature of man and his real place in the universe. The church is the one great world organization for ideal ends."

As to the sermons to be preached two sides of an important subject were presented as follows:

"I am most enthusiastic for the church, and I believe that church audiences would be augmented by the attendance of more strong, thinking men if it would more generally confine itself to the religious work for which it is established. If there is a falling off in the attendance upon divine service, I think much of it is due to the modern idea that it is the church's business to deal with and discuss the secular affairs of the day. In my judgment the strong business man of brains and experience does not go to church to listen to the discussion of economic and other questions that he has been trying all the week to solve by some one who necessarily knows less about such things than he. Let the church preach in season and out of season that physical, mental, and spiritual health mean happiness. Without these accumulation of wealth is as nothing."

Said another:

"It would be well if no Unitarian minister should mention the name of any other church in the pulpit except in a friendly and appreciative way. Call attention to church history or belief, if desirable; but in all cases leave out the 'sting.' Our own people dislike it even more than chance visitors. I should have ministers trained to omit 'financial sermons' strictly (so called), scientific sermons, etc. The people usually question the speaker's exact knowledge of these and other kindred subjects, and go away with a feeling of 'waste of time,' 'nothing to take away.' I think a minister should confine his sermons to subjects which tend toward the uplifting of his people, something which will 'take hold' and help against the struggle."

A third emphasized the other side:

"I think, if ministers would use ideas and people of the present generation, they would be more effectual. It would bring the subject nearer home. For instance, Moses may have been a very good man, but not many folks know much about him."

Summing it all up, Mr. Wilson said: "This summary must give evidence to the brethren of the ministry that the work in which they are engaged is of

supreme importance. If strong men confess their need of the moral stimulus and the spiritual uplift which is in the gift of the true prophet, then his contribution to his time has no equal. If men like these hold themselves to their duties and feel themselves bound to the emulation of the young, and are made loyal to splendid tasks because their churches stay and steady them when the conflict against personal righteousness, purity, and civic honor is on; if the 'wear and tear' of secular labors is thus repaired; if thus their imaginations are suffused with blessed memories and the sustaining comfort of a great hope, while their ideals are thus made to shine through the clouds of common interest—then, surely, our ministers are serving at the fountains of life. Tested by the foregoing evidence, it must be said of the true preacher and spiritual counselor that

"His name shall live from generation to generation.
"Nations shall show forth his wisdom,
"And the congregation shall declare his praise."

Pioneers of To-day*

Marguerite Pearman

THERE was a moving picture showing in Boston recently called "The Covered Wagon." Most of us either saw it or read the book. It is a good story, isn't it? There is something about the daring of those early pioneers that appeals to us. And so we read tales about the opening of the Great West such as "North of 36" and "A Man for the Ages."

Why do we want to know more of these brave men and women and their progress westward? Rudyard Kipling has caught something of the spirit of these people in his poem called "The Explorer." In it he says:

"There's no sense in going further, it's the edge of cultivation,
So they said, and I believed it, broke my land and sowed my crop,
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.
Till a voice as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
In one everlasting whisper day and night repeated, so:
'Something hidden, go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges,
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'"

Those pioneers way back in the early eighteen hundreds heard the voice. But people said that they were only following a whisper, something unknown, something which was impossible. Did this stop them? Night and day they heard the summons—"Go." And so they went—in prairie schooners, on horseback, afoot, across hundreds of miles of trackless country. Their number became smaller and smaller as they advanced. Indians, afraid of losing their territory, attacked them. Turbulent rivers dashed their crude rafts to pieces. Stark famine and death rode with them day and night. Yet they went on, their steadfast purpose and faith ever with them, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

There is something of the pioneer spirit in all of us. That is why we enjoy reading about the settling of the West. But although there is this charm of the unknown—the unseen—certainly it is dormant in many people.

Do you remember how, as children, the bend in the road always enticed you to come and see what was on the other side? Do you remember how, as young men, it was always the job that people said was impossible that you chose to do?

Now you are grown older, and more sensible. You know that the other side of the bend is just the same as this. You believe in a sane business policy, not just scatter-brain chances.

The imagination, the sense of daring, the will to give all for a great purpose—these seem to fade with many people as they grow more mature.

"There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation."

But you're wondering what all this has to do with us to-day, for to-day is Young People's Sunday. You are giving your thoughts and service to us. You're rather perplexed these days, you mothers and fathers. You don't know just what to make of us. We do many things you don't understand. We even talk a different language. Perhaps I, as a member of this queer group called "the younger generation," can give you a little idea of what we are thinking and hoping.

As I have said, there is in all of us this pioneer spirit. It is at its height when we are young. We should, though, always have it to a certain degree. It is, in fact, the lack of this sense of adventure and joy in the unknown that makes people old, no matter what their age in years. Such a man as Roosevelt always had it, and we all know that he was young in mind and heart to the day of his death.

In the past, when the Whisper has called to go and look behind the ranges, there has been some physical difficulty to overcome. But now there is no West to discover, no Indians to brave, no rivers to ford.

Does this mean that there is no voice calling to the young people to-day? Indeed, no! To-day the call comes even stronger than before:

"Something hidden. Go and find it.
Something lost behind the Ranges."

Look at the world to-day. What can you see but chaos—war between nations, between races, between classes? People everywhere are giving way to the baser animal passions. Can you wonder that we are not satisfied with things as they are?

I lived down South when I was a little girl. We always had negro servants, and I can remember how much I liked them. They were so good-natured and sang such funny songs. Then I came North

*An address delivered on Young People's Day at the Winter Hill Universalist Church. Miss Pearman is a student at Tufts College.

and had no more contact with colored people until last year. I was asked to do some work down in the district near Northampton Street, in Boston. And I found that there was a large section there almost entirely populated with negroes. They had their own churches and their own clubs. I worked with a group of negro girls ranging in age from five to six to eighteen. I had more fun with them. They didn't seem so different from me, except that I was a stolid English American, and they had the volatile high spirits of the African race. Why, one of them was going to the very prep school I used to go to, and getting ready for Jackson.

Just the other day a group of us were discussing this race problem. A girl who had also lived down South said to me: "I can't ever think of them as anything but servants. I suppose it's because that's all they were in Virginia—but I just can't think of them as anything more than cooks and stablemen." Before last year I would have agreed with her, but since actually working with those intelligent, educated negro girls, I know better. You get a different viewpoint of this race question when you see it from several sides.

Many of us young people are not passively interested in seeing the negro justly treated, we are actively interested. Seventy-four hundred students, at a recent convention at Indianapolis, discussed the question of the negro from every side. They heard Southerner and Northerner, black and white; and in the end they all, including the Southerners, pledged themselves to do what they could to give the black race a sporting chance.

Vida Scudder, professor at Wellesley, denies that there is a class war, but I think that most of the young people who heard her at the Convention for Industrial Democracy, recently held in Cambridge, hold the opposite view.

We heard such men as Roger Baldwin and Norman Thomas, authorities in the labor field, tell of the labor situation to-day, the starvation wages, the long hours, the bad health conditions of the average worker. Such facts "get" us young people. We are not "case-hardened" to suffering as many older people are.

I have a girl friend who is studying to be a lawyer. She took up this profession because she thought that it was the best instrument for helping women and children in industry. Last winter she worked in a candy factory for a month. What did she find? Young girls working from seven in the morning till nine at night with twenty minutes for lunch and supper. They worked in a temperature of thirty degrees in a room where the windows were never opened. At the end of the month, my friend was able to go to the correct authorities with sufficient evidence to have the owner forced to remedy matters.

You have all at least read the headlines of the railroad strike in England. Perhaps you were even enough interested to read the whole article. "The labor question seems to be pretty serious over there," you say. But England seems a long way off to you. You remember the time when it took two or three weeks to go across, and in fact, many of you are still thinking in the old time and space units. But we youngsters never knew those days. We know only the fast steamer, the dirigible, the aeroplane. We measure distance by hours, not weeks. So England doesn't seem far away, and the problems of the English people seem our problems. It isn't only the so-called working class that are jobless. It has hit every class.

There was a young Englishman who recently finished his service in India and went up to London for a job. He was a highly educated man, with a Ph. D. from Cambridge. Here was a fine young fellow, physically fit and with university training. It seemed as though he ought to get a pretty good job. But days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and nothing turned up. He was willing to do anything, go anywhere. At last he had pawned everything he could, and was living—well, you could hardly call it that—was keeping alive, on one slim meal a day. And then, after eight months, he got a job! And what do you think it was? A family had hired him as cook, and he had never cooked a meal in his life! But he argued to my cousin, also a jobless ex-soldier, that if he could do chemistry, he ought to be able to follow a receipt. And so he got a cheap little cook book and studied it with all his fine brain, so as to become a good cook.

Perhaps you will say that these things do not touch us. Europe is a long way off. America seems in pretty good shape. There may be lynchings down in Georgia, but we have no apparent race war in Massachusetts. Perhaps there are labor problems in Boston, but Somerville seems to be getting along all right. But you forget that the world sees, and speaks, and hears by telegraph, radio and cable. I grant that the situations that I have been telling you about are not universal, but they are so great that we young people, who are sensitive to such things, can't help but feel them.

What of our religious life? Are we a loving brotherhood, worshiping God in spirit and in holiness? You have only to look about you—to read the current literature—to know what the situation really is.

The papers have been full of the controversy in the Episcopal Church. It has set tongues to wagging as never before. It has caused the different sects to go to great lengths to state and justify their particular creeds. So, sect against sect, creed against creed, the fight goes on. To many of the older people this is not alarming. It is tragically pitiful, yet true, that theological dispute within and between churches is a common thing to many of our parents.

We of the younger generation were brought up on the religion of war time, fed on the stories of the fraternizing of sects, of Jewish rabbi and Catholic priest working together. They told us then that it was what a man did—the life he led—that counted. Now they say that it is whether you believe in the virgin birth or not, or whether the Bible is fallible or infallible. Both of these things can not be true. Which is true—the religion of the war time, when men and women got down to grim reality and realized that it was such things as love and kindness and honesty that counted—in short, following in the Master's footsteps—or the formalism and theology that stand for religion in many of our churches to-day?

They call us non-religious. They are alarmed

because we do not go to church as much as they think we ought. I was very much interested in an editorial in the latest *Woman's Home Companion*. It seems that a questionnaire was sent out to the girls in the University of Minnesota, asking them to enumerate the qualities which make men desirable suitors. They say that we just care for material things nowadays, yet what did this census of opinion show? Moral cleanliness led the list, "spirit of chivalry," followed by moderately good looks, athletic tastes, good health, optimism and good nature, social training and respect for religion. Pessimists say that we are deserting the faith of our fathers, yet every single girl had as a necessary quality in a prospective husband either "religious," or "respectful to religion."

There is one thing that I am sure of. Christ to the average boy and girl to-day is an ever-present, living personality. We call him "Master," and he is just that. We want to be his true followers. To us his teaching stands for more than mere theological beliefs. He came to give us a vital, workable religion.

We are pioneering to-day when we try to meet the great problems that are facing us. There is a solution somewhere, in spite of the pessimists who are always saying, "There's no sense in going farther." There *is* a solution, and we will brave any hardship to find it.

About the greatest hardship to a young person who is adventuring is the lack of co-operation, and even antagonism, from older people. You don't know what it means to us to feel that you are interested in what we are doing, even if you don't quite understand. To feel that you are saying, "Well, I never did it, but I know the lad's honestly looking for the right way." Think twice, yes—twice times twice—before you condemn a thing because it has never been done before. They said men couldn't fly in the air because they never had, but to-day the aeroplane is in quite common use. When Morse first wanted money for his telegraph, people wouldn't give it to him because it was an unheard of thing, therefore impossible. Yet we couldn't get along now without his invention.

There is every sort and condition of love. Among others, there is the love that hinders, and the love that helps. In the first case, a person's love for another is so great that he wants to think his thoughts and guide his life for him. But the second love is so much greater that it knows we can not grow except through our own efforts, a love big enough to try to understand and to be tolerant. It is this love that we ask of you.

Like pioneers of old we hear the voice—

"Something hidden. Go and find it."

Meeting the great problems of to-day—the European situation, race and labor questions—is our adventure—as royal an adventure as ever faced any young people. Won't you give us your love—that love that understands and is tolerant—to help us to be real pioneers of to-day?

Our Heritage of Beauty

Emily W. Dinwiddie

AN encouraging development of the year is the growing interest in saving rapidly disappearing wild flowers and evergreen plants. The destruction that has taken place in the past and even recently has been appalling. This has gone on in the vacation months, on Saturday afternoons and Sundays in the spring, in the weeks before Christmas, and to some extent at other times as well.

Colonies of rare flowers have been picked, leaving none to form seed. Shrubs and blossoming trees have been recklessly broken, allowing the entrance of the fungus diseases which attack plants when there is an opening in their defenses. Forests and meadows have been burned as a result of dropping of lighted matches, cigars or cigarettes, or hot ashes from pipes.

The automobile has furthered the ravaging of our exquisite wild plants. Motorists have left a trail of devastation behind them. It is a tragic sight on a Sunday or holiday afternoon to see thrown out by the roadside withered branches of dogwood and redbud, clusters of the fragile lupine, wilted bloodroots, and a hundred other evidences of the thoughtlessness of those who pluck blossoms only to let them die.

The humbly trolley car, too, has had its part. We see tired youngsters and their parents and couples and groups of young people coming in clutching or dropping flowers hopelessly past reviving.

Even in winter the plants are not safe. Holly, evergreen trees, ground pine, Christmas fern and laurel are stripped from the woods in quantities enormously exceeding the actual use in Christmas decorations.

From one locality after another we have been hearing that lovely rare plants, treasures of the region, have disappeared. In the District of Columbia, for example, wild rhododendron has been exterminated; trailing arbutus has almost vanished; bittersweet has become scarce; delicate, slow-germinating, never-to-be-replaced native orchids have been torn up.

As in the case of birds, destruction reached such a point that nature lovers became roused to conduct active propaganda against the thoughtless vandalism and crass commercialism that between them have caused the damage. Local chapters and central bodies of the Wild Flower Preservation Society and the Garden Club of America have been energetic agents in this effort. Hopeful results have already been reported from the "Save the dogwood" campaign in the spring and from special preservation work for other endangered wild plants.

The plea of the nature lovers is that, finding as our heritage a world of wonder and beauty and glory, we leave its loveliness to give joy to those who come after us.

They ask us to spare the rare plants; if we must take blooms from shrubs to cut woody stems close to the main branch so that the wound will heal; to be careful of anything which may start fires; not to buy

from venders wild flowers which are becoming scarce.

There are many blossoms, they tell us, so abundant and so hardy in certain areas that they may be picked freely in the sections of the country where they are found in profusion. One can easily learn which these are in any region by inquiry of the local chapter of the Wild Flower Preservation Society or of local botanists. One can also find out which are the ones that need watchful care.

It seems truly a Christian task to save the lilies of the field and the trees in which the birds of the air come and lodge; to preserve for coming generations that in which we ourselves have found a deep and abiding happiness, a revelation of the glory of God and the wonders of His handiwork.

On Church Going

AT the Bicentennial of the First Parish of Framingham, Mass., Senator George F. Hoar delivered an address upon "Church Going," which was published immediately by the American Unitarian Association in pamphlet form for free distribution. Although Senator Hoar died in 1904, this pamphlet is still in print, having gone through many editions. It is now appearing as Number 21 in the Memorable Sermon Series of the American Unitarian Association.

Preparatory to Rally Sunday, Sept. 28, and Laymen's Sunday, Oct. 19, we recommend the careful study of the portions of this address which we herewith reprint.

What Senator Hoar said so simply and wisely is backed up by the power of his clean, honest, honorable, record in public life.

He died poor because he would not take advantage of opportunities thrown in his way to become rich. He was a great character and the entire Christian Church is richer because of the life of this one Unitarian layman.

"I was brought up strictly, by good, old-fashioned Puritan parents. I committed to memory the Ten Commandments and the sum of the Ten Commandments in my youth. But perhaps the strictest of all the commandments, enforced by the severest penalties, was that I should not make a noise in meeting. Now, here I am, in my old age, summoned by your good pastor to violate that strictest commandment of my childhood, and to make a noise, not only in the meeting-house, but in the pulpit.

"You are celebrating the foundation of a New England parish. It is one of the simplest, yet one of the most important and interesting, organizations known on earth. In the beginning, the town and the parish were identical. Every freeman must be a church member. Religion and public life were near akin. The town called the minister, and the church members conducted the town meeting. Our ancestors, when they settled a new town, set apart a tract of land for a training-field close by the church. The Old Common, as we now call these training-fields, is found at the center of every old town, and it is found here. But, after all, the real training-field was in the meeting-house, indoors. These meeting-houses, with their simple architecture, were the great power-houses from which went forth the spiritual and moral influences which inspired and controlled the whole life of the people.

"This form of government, the parish and the town, is the simplest and cheapest known among men. And yet it has been almost the most permanent. Our oldest Middlesex towns will be celebrating their three hundredth anniversaries before the hair begins to grow gray on the temples of the youths in this audience.

"Since your first settlers cleared these fields and gathered this church here, the map of Europe has been many times changed. Stuart and Orange and Hanover have sat in succession on the throne of Great Britain. England has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, conquered Canada, settled Australia, subjected three hundred million Asiatics to her will, and established her dominion in Africa. France has been twice a republic, twice an empire, a monarchy again, and now, the third time, a republic. Belgium and Holland have been joined and severed. The star of Poland has disappeared from the sky. Italy, after many throes and convulsions, has shaken the armed heel of Austria from off her neck, has banished the Bourbons and overthrown the temporal power of the pope. Hapsburg, Bourbon, Bonaparte, Savoy, the short-lived republic, and now, Bourbon again, have successively held dominion in Spain. Germany has built up her mighty empire from sixty petty states.* Yet during all this time, the town and parish abide, as your fathers founded them. The simple and cheap mechanism, of which no man knows the contriver, has, without substantial change, performed perfectly all the chief functions of government, in simple, democratic majesty.

"Your wooden meeting-houses could have been built almost for the cost of a single carving in the stately choir of many a church or cathedral in England or on the Continent. But they have taught their congregations quite as well the relation of man to his Creator, and much better his duty to his fellow men and to the State.

"The town as a dominant political organization seems to be losing its pre-eminence. Massachusetts is already largely a cluster of cities. In the great towns the old civic equality and the simple town meeting government are departing. Men are leaving the farms and the fields for the compact centers of population. The ways of the city prevail over the fashion of the countrymen. But the school and the parish, which in their simplicity have, as I just now said, outlasted many thrones and kingdoms, I hope are to remain.

. . . ." 'What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent.'

"For a century to come, the children shall gather

*Senator Hoar of course did not live to see the changes of the Great War.

in the schoolhouse, to learn together as equals the lessons of Freedom and of Virtue and of Self-government; and the worship of pure hearts, uttered by free lips, shall rise from these Christian altars to the imperishable Heavens.

"Does any man doubt that it is desirable to maintain the public worship of God? Is there any man who would abolish the Christian Church, whatever may be his own spiritual condition, or whether he may like better for himself to spend Sunday in solitary communion with Nature or with books? But, if these Christian institutions are to abide, the men who believe in them must maintain them. The men who need public and social worship will never, as a rule, seek it unless the men who think they do not need it set the example and join in it. There is, in my judgment, no more commanding public duty than attendance at church on a Sunday. The greater the man's influence, the more sufficient he may be to himself, the greater and more imperative the duty. I do not believe there ever was a man who attended church constantly through life, or who brought his children to church in their youth, or who was taken by his parents to church in his own youth, who ever regretted it as he looked back.

"The effect on the man himself of giving one day in the week, or certainly a large part of one day in the week, to rest from secular labors and cares, if it were only to lay down for one day the burden of the other six, to shut out for one day the anxiety and worry of business or politics, would of itself, in my judgment, repay all its costs. Let there be one place and one hour devoted to quiet, from which the world is shut out, as it is shut out in a long voyage at sea.

"O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

"Sleep, sleep, to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born,
You shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

"To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control.
You shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul."

"I put this on the ground, not that we are to gather as subjects to honor our King, nor as slaves to abase ourselves before our owner. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. I put it solely on the ground of the advantage, of the necessity, to you and me. I believe we best maintain the country we love and the State of which we are a part, and of whose government we have our share of personal responsibility, by a constant attendance on the public and social worship of God. I believe it to be the interest of the country, of the town, and of the individual soul that the habit be not abandoned.

"I think if it were to be put upon the ground alone of personal advantage, as a matter of mere intellectual and literary training, your young men will find it clearly for their interest to be constant attendants here.

"I know the temptations on a summer's day to get into the country, among fields and forests, and, to use a familiar phrase, to stretch your legs by a walk, or a ride on a bicycle. But whether it be better to do it may possibly depend on the question whether the legs or the soul be the most important part of a man.

"I believe that as a matter of literary and intellectual training, to listen to a chapter of the Scriptures, which, besides all else they are, are the best example of English style in all literature, to accustom the spiritual ear to the sublime utterance of Doddridge, to the lofty organ-tone of Watts, to the sweet charm of Wesley, to listen to a discussion of the things that be of the spirit, even from a minister of ordinary capacity, is the best thing that can be done, for at least an hour or two of this day of rest.

"I do not put it upon the ground of an express divine command. I do not enter upon a discussion here whether the Fourth Commandment was of divine origin, whether it was intended for the Jews only, or whether the injunction to keep holy the seventh day of the week can properly be transferred to the first. I put it solely on the ground of good citizenship, and on the ground that attending church from Sunday to Sunday, and joining with neighbors in the public worship of God, and in the discussions and meditation of the things that be of the spirit, is of incalculable value to man himself.

"I suppose there are very few persons among those who do not go to church themselves who would not regard it as a grievous public calamity if all our churches were closed, and the public worship of God and the preaching of the gospel were discontinued. It would, in my judgment, if that were to happen, be impossible to maintain liberty, self-government, or any form of republic which depends for its success on the character of its citizenship. That men in general think so is shown by the fact that so many persons contribute to the support of parishes, who seldom or never attend church themselves. When practising law, I could see the effect on the citizenship of a town of the long pastorate of a good minister. There are towns—of which your neighboring Northborough, under the pastoral care of Dr. Allen, was an example; of which my native town of Concord, under Dr. Ripley, was an example—which always furnished excellent men for the jury-box, excellent men for the legislature; where the witness could be believed; where they had few angry or disgraceful lawsuits. You could always trace the character and quality of the people to the habit of attending upon the ministrations of a man, not always a man of great genius, but always of pure and lofty character. The public worship of God in this country is to be continued or maintained only by attendance upon it."

* * *

People who break the laws of civilization and decency—our present childlike faith to the contrary—are not kinder, fairer, broader, nor better sports than those who keep them. They just earnestly think they are, and tell us so till we are convinced. And we, trusting souls, are convinced to the point of being cowed! We would rather be broad than President. We also fear that if we are narrow they will make fun of us.—*Margaret Widdemer, in Bookman.*

Representative Universalists

Mrs. T. R. Miller

AMONG Universalists the name of Mrs. T. R. Miller is one to conjure with. The picture which immediately presents itself is one of a gracious personality, enriched by a broad experience and large acquaintanceship. Wherever she has traveled she has made friends—many of them. At home she has entertained friends—many of them. Her acquaintanceship runs through all classes of society; for in her makeup there is nothing snobbish or exclusive. She likes to know people.

Mrs. Miller was born and reared a Methodist—perhaps this is why she is so good a Universalist. Whatever one is, she says, let him be a good one. Half-heartedness and indifference are abhorrent to her. She has often remarked that she brought her Methodist enthusiasms and devotion along with her when she came into the Universalist Church. Those who know her best know this is exactly what she did. But the best thing about it is that she didn't bring it into the Universalist Church and then drop it. It is with her to-day in seemingly increasing measure.

There are few people who are so able to devise ways and means for raising money for church purposes and increasing church efficiency as is Mrs. Miller. Her dictum is, "Where there is a will there is a way." While she contributes very generously from her private income to local and general church purposes, she is constantly bringing in considerable amounts through some thrifty business deal. Her mind is ever alert to the opportunities which present themselves for turning this or that to the financial welfare of the church. Where most people would sit down and bemoan their fate, Mrs. Miller goes out and produces results. To her the church is worth working for, and working for with enough energy and determination to spell success.

But this is not all. Mrs. Miller is always on the alert to turn people's thought and attention to the Universalist Church and if possible discover potential Universalists. While she is untiring in her efforts in this direction, she handles the matter with wonderful tact and discretion. She never obtrudes herself or her church upon the sensibilities of others. She has suffered many times from the unthinking bigotry and indifference of her Orthodox friends. But she goes serenely on her way, biding her time to turn their thought in the direction of Universalism. Nor does she ever lose sight of any one who ought to be in our household of faith. She follows them with her letters and remembrances and does what she can to keep them from wandering after "strange gods."

There is no department of our denominational work in which Mrs. Miller is not interested, and in which, in the very broadest sense, she has not been of service. She has been largely instrumental in bringing her state and church into line with every call that our denomination has made. She has responded to the call for Japan, the Sunday school, the W. N. M. A., the Million Dollar Drive, the Washington Memorial and the Perin-Cate Home. She has sent young people to institutes and summer schools. She has financed the training of girls for church work and sent young men into our theological schools. Her vision has been one of breadth as well as clarity. Nor has she waited for some one to point her the road to service. She has gone out of her way to find means to strengthen the lines of battle and build up a reserve force against the day of need.

There is one characteristic of Mrs. Miller in which she differs from many other good and gracious people. We all know there are those who shine as bright and luminous stars in our conventions and elsewhere abroad, but whose names seldom if ever appear on the lists of those who serve at home. It is not so with Mrs. Miller. She is the very soul of her home church. Almost can it be said of her she lays down her life for it.

An All Family Day

Daniel Evans

WE are told by social students that the family is the first and fundamental unit in our social structure. All other institutions grow out of, and are largely dependent upon, the family. Within its sphere, and under its roof, the children are taught and trained for the social life beyond its confines; they are made ready for the larger world, and given the impetus and direction for social usefulness. From this point of view, and for these reasons, the family life is given the first place and high praise, and from it much is expected for the progress of the world.

When, however, we observe our family life, we discover that it is a very individualistic affair. Its members soon grow to have their separate interests; they all hear the call and feel the pull of outside interests which take them in separate ways. The father has his business or profession which takes him away from home during the long hours of the day, and the children go to school, or, if old enough, go to their work, and the mother is left at home with her exacting tasks. But when evening comes or the holiday, they all go their separate ways: the father to his club or golf course, the mother to her club or church women's meeting, the daughters go to their dances, theaters or card parties, and the son does likewise, but generally to others than those to which the daughters go. It is not often when they are all together in the home, and rarely do they go together for their recreation.

This individualistic separateness is accepted by the Church and ministered to. The members of the family rather than the family as a whole are its special interest and concern. And thus we have "Mothers' Sunday" and "Children's Sunday," and "Fathers' and Sons' Nights." Now these are all very well; much good comes to these separately recognized

members, and indirectly to the family as a whole.

But is it not time to suggest that it would be a better thing to have an *"All Family Day?"* Why not take the family as a whole and make it the object of interest, study, and appreciation, and make it more conscious of itself and more desirous of living as a whole, each for all and all for each? It would be well if there were desire, determination and planning to have the whole family together at least once a day, and if possible twice or even three times: at breakfast before the day's work begins, at dinner when it is ended, and in the evening before the hearth or about the table, for reading, or about the piano. It would be well, also, to have an all-family party now and again, at the movie, or theater, or symphony, or on an excursion. We sorely need to learn to have our pleasures together and not separately. It is a sight to make the heart leap for joy to see the whole family in Germany of a Sunday afternoon or holiday go out into the fields or forests or mountains and have their pleasure together.

Nowhere, however, more than in the church, should we like to see an all-family gathering. The time was, and not so long ago, when the whole family went to church together. The father led the way up the aisle followed by the mother and children, and all filed in and filled the family pew. It was a great sight. It did every one good to see it. In some churches we still see the same sight. When the minister sees the whole family he thanks God silently and is inspired for his great task. We need to recover the old family pew, and have it filled by all the members of the family. All references in the scriptures, and prayer, and sermon, to the family would then have a profounder significance, and stir the hearts of all.

We would also like to see an all-family social gathering in the church, where all the families of the parish would meet, break bread together, enjoy music, conversation, and even games, and feel themselves members of the great household of the faith. We even dare to suggest that it would be a fine thing if we had an all-family church school, where, in different classes, all the members of the family would study the Great Book together.

We grow up and grow apart all too soon, and we miss the great common joys and look back and regret that we did not have more all-family gatherings together. It is too late for some of us, for the children have grown up and scattered. It is not too late for others, and we urge upon them the privilege and pleasure of an all-family life together in these several ways.

* * *

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE COMRADES

To the Men of the Universalist Church:

Following the resignation of Mr. Louis Annin Ames as president of the National Comrades, I was elected to this office, and, after consideration, accepted it.

After several weeks of study and analysis of the situation I find that our strongest, most active, most influential churches are those in which there are men's organizations.

I have had many discussions, many opportunities to appear before groups of men in our Church, and I find that these men are most anxious to give what they have for the development of the Kingdom of Heaven through the channels of the Church. This, to me, is one of the most hopeful signs of the day. I believe it is a challenge to us of the National Board of Comrades, to furnish our men's organizations, and the churches where the men are not organized also, with attractive social programs, as well as programs for spiritual uplift—such programs as will aid them in their own individual development and will also make possible the helping of those who are younger and weaker.

This challenge we have accepted, and I, personally, shall make every effort to bring this about before the end of the present year.

I believe that the members of the National Board of Comrades are united in the desire to do this thing.

Will you, the men of the Church, assist me by making the most of your membership in your men's organization?

It is through just such an organization in the Church that we may aid in the development of right life.

Will you men who are in churches where the men are not regularly organized, think of it earnestly and forcibly as being the proper and the right thing to do?

We are living in the age of group consciousness, where the real purpose of most men is to co-operate for the good of all. Have we a better organization through which to promote such co-operation than the Church? Have we an organization with such high ideals, which, when properly developed, brings into human life so much happiness, as the Church?

I appeal to you men to help me in every way you can to make the days that are ours count for the development of those things for which our Church stands.

Victor A. Friend.

* * *

OPPORTUNITY AND THE WOLF

Opportunity and the Wolf
Met at the door
Of an humble cottage.
The one knocked,
And the other howled.
Behind the door
Lived an optimist,
Full of hope.
He was expecting Opportunity,
And heard the knock,
But not the howl.
And then the two,
The Wolf and Opportunity,
Went to another door.
The one howled,
And the other knocked.
Behind the door
Lived the pessimist,
Full of despair.
He was expecting the Wolf,
And heard the howl,
But not the knock.

Lippincott's.

Understanding Our World

Ireland

The Irish question has become acute again. When Mr. Lloyd George concluded his treaty with Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins in 1921, separating South Ireland from Ulster or North Ireland and giving South Ireland the home rule which North Ireland refused to have, the matter of the boundary between the two parts of Ireland was left to a Commission. To make this Commission effective Ulster had to appoint a member, which she has steadily refused to do. The highest legal authority in England has declared this Commission can not function under existing law without Ulster taking action. Ulster insists that she must be assured that the Commission will have power merely to rectify existing boundaries and not pass on the rather large claims of South Ireland to boundary territory.

Failure of the Boundary Commission to function has embarrassed the government of South Ireland. De Valera is out of prison and Irish Republicans are steadily at work to overthrow the present Home Rule Government and cut all ties with Great Britain. They have made capital out of this boundary matter, asserting that England does not mean to carry out the treaty.

The British Government therefore brought into Parliament during the closing hours of the session a bill to provide for the appointment of the Ulster representative, and if the matter is not settled by compromise a special session of Parliament will be called in September to pass it.

If the Lords throw the bill out this may result in a dissolution of Parliament and a General Election. This the Conservatives do not want, as they fear that it may strengthen the Labor Government of Ramsay MacDonald. They therefore are bringing pressure on Ulster to agree.

The curious situation is presented of Southern Ireland with a long record of bloody fighting to get a republic or home rule, and Northern Ireland armed to prevent either. One is ready to fight Great Britain to keep its independence, the other to prevent independence being forced upon it. The explanation of course is simple. South Ireland is Catholic. North Ireland is Protestant. There are more Catholics than Protestants in Ireland and the Protestants will not submit to rule by Catholics.

Ireland has had no firmer friend in England than H. W. Nevinson, the famous correspondent. The serious situation which has developed may be seen by the following extracts from a letter which he sent late in August to the *London Daily Herald.* What he says about the circulation of the *Daily Mail* is of especial interest, illustrating as it does the high efficiency shown by the jingo, militaristic, imperialistic, conservative press in putting its wares into the most remote places.

"I know nothing more dangerous for an Englishman than to utter a word on Irish politics, Irish character, or Irish customs. The moment he opens his mouth, every one in Ireland jumps down it. Every one hates him. Every one says he knows nothing. Every one advises him to go home and mind his own business.

"I possess no exceptional virtue, but I have often risked this intervention. Unfortunately, Ireland is still our country's business, for she concerns our reputation throughout the world. I have often wondered why our stolid old Die-hards, who are forever boring us to extinction with their shouting about prestige and the glories of empire, do not realize that, by their present clamor against the mass of the Irish people, and by their demand for the renunciation of our solemn treaty with the Free State, they are doing their utmost to reduce our country's prestige, and to sully the glories of that boasted empire.

"Besides, it is time for all true Englishmen to speak. Our national word is here in Ireland deeply suspected. In all countries, suspicion is now working like poison; but here the venom is most deadly. The history of seven centuries supplies the reason, and suspicion is now further envenomed by the action of certain British newspapers, which may have no political influence in England, but are circulated here by an admirable system of distribution.

"In England we no more regard them as expressing English opinion than we regard the demoniacal howling of jackals in an Indian jungle as expressing the opinion of educated Indians. But here the *Daily Mail* is almost the only London paper read. Day by day it hits the North at Belfast, the Center at Dublin, the South at Rosslare. No wonder the Irish take its incitements as the expression of British intentions.

"Apart from suspicion and incitements, this boundary question has aroused all the old animosities of Protestant and Catholic, Saxon and Celt, industrial population and agricultural or pastoral population. I don't know whether the Ulster Government intends to appoint its Commissioner or not. People say the Tory leaders recently visiting Belfast hoped to induce them, because the Tories fear a General Election on the Lords and Ireland.

"I know nothing of Tory intrigues; but I know that unless our national word is to be perjured, the Commission will be appointed, and there is danger of extreme trouble, no matter what its decision may be.

"The Commission must follow one of two divergent courses, or discover some compromise. Let us assume that it decides the word 'boundary' in Article XII of the Treaty to mean the existing boundary of the six counties as apportioned to Ulster by the Government of Ireland Act 1920, and that it limits itself to small rectifications, giving a village or market here, and a farm or railway station there, to Ulster or the Free State, 'in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants.' The Free State will at once consider the Treaty broken, and will renounce it.

"This is what De Valera and his Republicans are hoping and waiting for. The Cosgrave Government will be driven out. De Valera will again be nominated President. Wild Republicans will raid across the Boundary and 'incidents' will occur. As reprisal, the Ulster Government will invade.

"Or let us suppose that the Commissioners draw the Boundary as the Southern Irish nearly all interpret Article XII, and so include Tyrone, Fermanagh, and perhaps South Armagh and South Down (with the city of Derry as well), in the Free State. A really free plebiscite would probably show this to be in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the inhabitants; but the Ulster Government would almost certainly reject the decision and hold down those districts by force. By the Treaty, I suppose, the British Government would then have the legal right to expel the Ulster armed men by force of arms. But in England herself all manner of religious and political passions would at once be kindled.

"In either case, the situation is one of extreme danger, and experienced leaders of Free State opinion here fear the very worst. Can not, then, some compromise be found?

"I think it is mainly the stubborn fanaticism of Ulster and her reliance on British protection whatever happnes, that prevents a perfectly just compromise by plebiscite and arrangement. That is the main obstacle; but to that must now be added the fury of some Republicans, who only aim at the destruction of the Treaty and the Free State Government, regardless of the bloody chaos which must follow.

"In the midst of all this suspicion and threatened turmoil, George Russell ('A. E.') utters his voice, like Wisdom crying in the streets. He calls for generosity on both sides, but especially on the Southern side, to which he belongs. 'We believe the deep heart of Ireland can be plumbed only by the generous nature,' he cries. Like the voice of Wisdom in the ancient Scripture, will his voice be uttered in vain?"

It is interesting to note that an increasing number of Conservatives are coming to favor giving South Ireland full independence, although the present situation amounts to that.

Home and Children

LOVE THAT ENDURES

True love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the everydayness of this workday world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home,
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark,
And hath its will through blissful gentleness,—
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes;
A Love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness;
A Love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star;
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever blest and fairest now.

James Russell Lowell.

* * *

THE JOY OF DOING USEFUL THINGS

WHEN George went away to camp for three whole weeks last summer Betty thought that she was going to be a lonesome little girl. At first she thought that there would still be the Storey children who lived next door to play with, but they went to their new summer cottage at Lake Marion, and so Betty was almost the only child in the neighborhood.

Then all of a sudden a surprise came. Betty's Aunt Barbara and her little cousin Barbara wrote a letter to Betty's mother to say that they should like to go to Mayville, the town where Betty lived, for a visit. Wasn't she a happy little girl at the thought of having visitors! And didn't the playhouse get such a dusting and sweeping and general cleaning-up as it had never had before!

"If Barbara is going to be my guest, I want to have everything as clean as I can," said Betty to her mother by way of explanation. It was the first time that Betty had ever had a real guest of her own.

Before Barbara came everything was as gay and happy as it could be. After she came too things went happily for a little while, but on the third day of Barbara's visit Betty went to her mother with more than a frown on her face. Betty's mother was sewing on a new pink dress for her daughter.

"I wish Barbara would go home," said the little girl.

Betty's mother put down her sewing and looked at Betty over her spectacles. She was astonished, because she thought that the two little girls were having a happy time together.

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"I don't like her," answered Betty. "She doesn't know what she wants to play, and she won't play what I want to, and she messes up my playhouse every day, and I wish she'd go."

"Well now," said Betty's mother, and she looked at Betty over her spectacles again, "I'm sorry to hear that, but I think that so long as Barbara is your little guest you must be polite to her and try to make her enjoy her visit. She will not want to come to see you again."

"I hope she never does," Betty began; "I hope she—"

At that minute the door opened, and Aunt Barbara came in. Little Barbara came in behind her—a red-faced, angry-looking little girl. Aunt Barbara was smiling.

"May," she said—she called Betty's mother May—"what do you think should be done with two little girls who can't play together happily?"

Then Betty's mother smiled too—a broad smile as if she were thinking of something really very funny.

"They might be put to work," she said. "Plenty of hard work is a cure for almost everything."

Aunt Barbara thought that that was a good idea. She said that she had some sewing that needed to be done, and it would serve for work as well as anything else.

So she went upstairs and got the sewing. To Betty she gave a square piece of cloth that needed to have cross stitches put all round the edge. It was blue, and on it in red letters was "My Dear Mamma." Betty was to put in the cross stitches. Aunt Barbara gave her daughter a piece of white cloth and a needle with pink thread in it. Then she sat down and began to do some sewing herself on a new petticoat that she was making for Barbara.

A regular sewing bee those four ladies had. The two mothers laughed and talked to each other and seemed to be having a gay, good time, but the two little girls just sat and sewed as still as still could be. They didn't talk or laugh at all. For twenty minutes they sat and sewed without saying anything. Then Betty looked at Aunt Barbara just as Aunt Barbara happened to look at her.

"It's fun to work, don't you think?" Aunt Barbara asked. But Betty wasn't sure. Barbara didn't think it was. They had to keep at it anyway until they finished, and it took them an hour.

When the work was done Aunt Barbara asked whether they did not feel better. "There's so much joy in doing useful things," she said. "Your mother and I found that out when we were little girls. Don't you feel more like playing together now?"

Little Barbara said that she didn't believe she did, and Betty was not at all sure about the joy of doing useful things. Aunt Barbara had looked at

mother and winked when she said it, and Betty had seen the wink—and they had both seemed to think of something very funny, for they both laughed.

"Betty," said her mother, "take this quarter and go and get some ice cream. Then there'll be no doubt about your feeling better. And when you come back I shall have a secret to tell you."

The two little girls scurried away for ice cream, and this is the secret that Betty's mother had to tell them when they came back.

A long time ago when she and Aunt Barbara were little girls they used to visit each other, and once they had sewed and sewed for a whole hour just because they couldn't have a good time playing together. At that time Betty's mother had sewed the red letters "My Dear Mamma" on the very same piece of blue cloth that Betty had put the cross stitches on. How Betty and her mother and Aunt Barbara and little Barbara laughed over their big secret!

The next day down in the playhouse the two little girls talked it all over and decided to keep their pieces of cloth for their children to sew on when they thought they couldn't play together happily. They folded up the two pieces of cloth carefully and put them away in the top drawer of the playhouse bureau. Then they laughed and laughed about the joy of doing useful things, and Barbara tried to wink at Betty the way her mother had winked at Betty's mother. And if after that those two little girls had any more trouble in playing happily together, no one knew anything about it.—*Pringle Barret, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

AT THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE IN GENEVA

The commission sitting on the suspension of night work in bakeries had the problem of employer against worker, the problem of old methods of production against new, and, except for a Swiss delegate bringing up the point that Geneva and Zurich had both voted against the abolition of night work in bakeries for fear of foreign competition across the border, there was no question of internationalism. Again the consumers were represented by an American taking notes for the *Survey*, who longed to get up and tell them that their tears shed for the tragic figure of the soul forced to eat bread perhaps a few hours old were tears misshed, since fresh bread wasn't healthy anyhow and who in their senses but would exchange all the morning bread of Europe for one piece of crisp fresh American toast? It is true that representatives of the French Consumers' Co-operative Societies and the Consumers' Co-operative Societies in Germany did speak for consumers and producers combined, and both were unenthusiastic over suppression of night work. Consumers must have their fresh bread. Also prohibition of night work would increase the price of bread. Also nothing must be done to hinder the evolution of the baking industry along efficient lines. Worry on the part of co-operatives, worry on the part of those who held that "the prohibition of night work in bakeries would strike a fatal blow at private industry." Again one heard all the fearsome calamities which would overtake business were certain measures ever to be put in practise. Again one heard that those very measures had been put in practise already in certain lands or localities and nothing fearsome had come to pass. One moment you saw the world breadless, master bakers in the poorhouse, the next you saw contented lands filled with inhabitants eating just the age bread they would soon get used to eating, and bakers bounding eagerly forth after an evening of family life and a night of sleep. Except Japan let it be understood she intended keeping on eating rice and the Scandinavian countries would have their ryebread when and how they would have it.

But the high points in the bakery commission and on the floor of the Conference when it came to discussing the Draft Convention on this subject of night work centered about Individual Liberty, with, as usual, the Anglo-Saxon to the fore as the defender of the my-house-is-my-castle principle. If a poor little baker baking all by himself wanted to bake all night, where this side of paradise was the person to say him nay? (Of course there were those to state, besides, that night baking was healthy.) Nor was it so much the Anglo-Saxon who championed the lonely baker. Let no one say that employers are heartless. The rights of the lonely baker would be interfered with over any employer's dead body. There was no sense to the Draft Convention, said workers and government delegates, if bakers working alone were allowed to bake at night and thus unfairly compete with bakeries forced to close. The employers stood consistent. Hands off business. And the employer with his hands-off policy went down to defeat—twenty-two votes to twelve, the twelve being twelve employers. The Draft Convention, to take effect in January, 1927, prohibiting night work in bakeries (the term night signifying a period of at least seven consecutive hours) was carried in the Conference as a whole by a vote of seventy-three to fifteen.—*Cornelia Stratton Parker, in Survey.*

* * *

NOT VERY IMPORTANT

An old Scottish gentleman who was a great enthusiast on the golf-links, and a young man who was equally enthusiastic about the game, had spent the entire day in the field, and had had some remarkably close and exciting games.

As they left for home, the old man remarked, while his rugged face lighted up with a pleasant smile:

"Hey, mon, but it's been a grand day!"

"It has," assented the young man.

"Think ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," answered the young man reflectively, "I was to be married, but I can put it off."—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(The selection of Charles G. Dawes as Republican candidate for Vice President recalls the following poem about his ancestor, William Dawes, the companion of Paul Revere.)

I am a wandering, bitter shade,
Never of me was a hero made.
Poets have never sung my praise,
Nobody crowned my brow with bays.
And if you ask me the fatal cause
I answer only, "My name is Dawes."

'Tis all very well for the children to hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;
But why should his name be quite forgot
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?
Why should I ask? The reason is clear:
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

When the lights from the Old North Church flashed out,
Paul Revere was waiting about,
But I was already on my way;
The shadows of night fell cold and gray
As I rode, with never a break or pause.
But what was the use, when my name was Dawes?

History rings with his silvery name;
Closed to me are portals of fame.
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,
No one had heard of him, I fear.
No one has heard of me, because
He was Revere and I was Dawes.

Helen F. More.

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

Saint Joan

By George Bernard Shaw. Brentano. $2.25.

To add to a constantly increasing volume of praise is at times a pleasant task. Where George Jean Nathan came to bury Shaw, scores of other—and better—critics have come to praise him. "Saint Joan" is simple, direct, and strong. To one who is something of a Shaw fan, who has read all his plays and seen many of them on the stage, it seems his best. Some critics have declared that it has a great moral lesson. We seek to offer higher praise: it is a good p ay. Its theme is one of the great human commonplaces, well stated by Jesus: "For ye build the tombs of the prophets, and your fathers killed them."

Shaw depicts the rise of Joan to power, shows the ebbing of that power, paints her trial in bold strokes, and then describes her rehabilitation and ultimate canonization. In the much-discussed epilogue she receives the universal homage of foe and friend alike, but when she proposes to return to earth she finds that they prefer a dead saint to a live heroine. The play closes with her cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!" Joan herself is not the shining maid of her romantic biographers. She lives and her contemporaries live. The greatest achievement of Shaw's genius is his characters. They are people and at the same time they embody the forces at work in the decline of the Middle Ages.

Carl Van Doren scoffs at those who say that Shaw's prefaces are better than his plays, and he is right, but the prefaces are always interesting, and the one to "Saint Joan" is worthy of the play. Of course Shaw pays his respects to his ancient adversaries, the doctors, the critics, the dogmatic scientists, and the rest, but he also enlarges on the central ideas of the play. It's all in the play, but the more obvious statement does no harm. Together play and preface should be as popular with the reading public as the production has been with the play-goers.

* *

The Future of Science

Daedalus. By J. B. S. Haldane. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Icarus. By Bertrand Russell, E. P. Dutton and Co.

Of the two little essays on science and the future, Haldane's is by far the more original and the more provocative, but that hardly lessens the truth of Mr. Russell's rather pessimistic forecast. Mr. Haldane's view of the future is rosy, even though it may not be particularly attractive to some of us. Envisaging the part which biology and biochemistry will play in the future development of the race, he sees an entirely urban and industrial world, whose inhabitants are supported on a diet built up "from simpler sources such as coal and atmospheric nitrogen." Science will regulate their lives, changing both manners and morals.

The world which this young scientist depicts fails to appeal very strongly, but his prophecy does not concern itself with likes and dislikes. Past experience makes us confident that his prophecies will not be fulfilled, but experience, as he points out, also indicates the possibility that he may be understating rather than overstating. In any case he has produced a fascinating little essay which has the merit of making us think of the future in other than customary terms.

Mr. Russell may or may not concur in our feeling that Mr. Haldane has not remolded the world particularly nearer to the heart's desire. He seeks to po nt out another fly in the ointment, taking as his thesis the possibility that man will misuse the power he is acquiring. For example, he foresees that eugenics might very possibly be used by the ruling classes to breed subservient and mediocre people, while the growth of industry may only increase the power of the capitalists.

The case may be put succinctly: "Science enables the holders of power to realize their purposes more fully than they could otherwise do. If their purposes are good, this is a gain; if they are evil, it is a loss." A little further on he says, rather surprisingly, "Science is no substitute for virtue; the heart is as necessary for a good life as the head." This from Bertrand Russell is amazing. Its truth, however, is indisputable. Haldane sees things with the eye of the theoretical scientist. Russell realizes that human nature is the crux of the matter. His essay, therefore, even though he may not be entirely serious on every page, is the more profound.

* *

The Great Betrayal

By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Robert M. McBride and Co. $2.50.

The black and white method of writing history is not particularly in favor just now, but there are many people in this country who will agree with Mr. Bierstadt's sweeping condemnation of the Turk. It is true that some writers have sought to point out that even the Turk has a few virtues, but most people can see only the record of centuries of savage cruelty. Against the suggestions of the Turcophiles, as he scornfully calls all who defend the Turk, Mr. Bierstadt displays a mass of evidence concerning the inhuman brutalities which marked the capture and destruction of Smyrna. That his account is one-sided must be admitted, but nothing on the other side could for a moment justify or excuse the list of offenses which stand against the name of the Turk.

There is another side to the matter. Mr. Bierstadt argues that the Turks could have been restrained if the great nations had not been more interested in oil than they were in human lives. It is a terrible indictment that he brings against France, England, and the United States. He seems to show conclusively that official representatives of our Government condoned the Turkish atrocities because of American interests in Turkey. His book stands as a monument to the economic imperialism which is increasingly dominating the foreign policy of the United States and which will inevitably embroil us in more wars to make the world safe for American capital.

* *

An Outline of the British Labor Movement

By Paul Blanshard. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

For at least two reasons this book about the labor movement in England is interesting. Not only does the present high responsibility of the Labor Party excite us to curiosity as to its origins, but the prominence of the third party in present-day American politics invites us to examine the rise of the English third party. Mr. Blanshard's book deserves its title, for it is an outline, but for an outline it is remarkably complete.

The book was written while the Labor Party was still the opposition, and stops just before the beginning of the era of power. A most interesting chapter, telling what the Labor Party would do if it were in office, invites a comparison of its aims with its achievements. Doubtless Mr. Blanshard would justify the discrepancy by pleading such extenuating circumstances as the fact that the party has not a majority.

After dealing with the Labor Party, Mr. Blanshard turns to the trade unions, explaining their organization, their tactics, and their policies. Many are the contrasts between American and British labor, not least among them the legal recognition which British labor has won. There is another interesting phenomenon, the growth of the co-operative movement, which Mr. Blanshard describes with some care. He also traces the rise and fall of the building guilds. The chapter on workers' education deals with some of the most interesting developments of the labor movement.

Mr. Blanshard has succeeded in writing an outline that is more than a mere skeleton. There is some flesh on the bones, with the result that the book is pleasing to

(*Continued on page* 29)

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

G. A. R. DELEGATES VISIT THE CLARA BARTON BIRTHPLACE

The Clara Barton Birthplace at North Oxford was the Mecca for many of the visiting G. A. R. Relief Corps delegates attending the National Grand Army Convention which met in Boston for the week of August 11.

Busy indeed were they with their Convention activities for the week of sessions, but on Saturday, the 16th, thirty-seven of the national officers, mostly of the Relief Corps, went by auto to the little white cottage on the hill, where Mrs. J. Harry Holden is hostess. Mrs. Holden fully and carefully told of the early life of Miss Barton, explaining to the guests the purchase and restoration and possible plans for the carrying out of what would be Miss Barton's idea for service if she were here to express it.

The national president and secretary of Los Angeles, six past national presidents, state commanders, the new national commander of the Sons of Veterans, past commander of the G. A. R., and others, coming from seven states and including cities from Boston to Los Angeles, were among the visitors. Mrs. Berry, a state officer of the Relief Corps of Boston, led the company on their journey and arranged details beforehand with Mrs. Holden.

A buffet luncheon had been prepared by Mrs. Holden and was served from tables on the lawn under the shade of the arching branches of the splendid trees surrounding the house, directly in front of the room where the founder of the American Red Cross was born.

Every attention was given the guests by the four grand nieces of Miss Barton, who assisted in the serving of the lunch and in giving courteous service to the guests about the rooms and grounds.

A prayer was offered by the national chaplain. Short speech-making followed, many of the newly elected officers taking part. Greetings and a welcome to all were given by the chairman of the Hospitality Committee, Mrs. Edwin A. Hunt, who also represented the Women's National Missionary Association.

Mrs. Holden followed, telling something of the social life at the house, and what it meant for the future. One could have many homes, she said, yet only one birthplace. And this one was to become immortal.

A rising vote of thanks was given those who helped to make the day a red letter day for their organization, and to the Association which has added one more link to the extension chain for the furthering of national interests in behalf of the birthplace of Clara Barton. One may well understand what a gathering at this time and place meant to those men and women who were so intimately connected with the life and perils of the war.

The spoken word from those who knew her in her direct life of service, either in time of action or peace, also the added word of appreciation to the organization making this purchase, gave pleasure to those who were making possible the furtherance of plans to perpetuate the memory of one whose last wish was to return to her native hearth, there to spend her remaining days upon earth at peace.

A gathering of this nature was good for all.

Mrs. Edwin A. Hunt.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MR. HERSEY RETURNS

He has never been really absent, Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, enthusiastic superintendent of our Department of Temperance Instruction and Work, but the demands of a new parish have been such that his attention has been somewhat diverted. Now he has so far adjusted himself to his parochial duties that he feels justified in resuming his activities for our Association.

Here is an important announcement:

Our superintendent of Temperance Instruction and Work will send to every Sunday school superintendent and every pastor a program for World's Temperance Sunday, which we observe Nov. 9. The program will be designed for a brief presentation by the superintendent and will contain a form for more extended exercise by the entire school or selected representatives. This program should reach even our most distant schools not later than Nov. 1. This will give time for local printing of additional copies if they are desired. With this program there will be a special outline for temperance work by our schools for the entire year. This should be in the permanent files for frequent reference.

Never make the mistake of transposing the letters in the name of this devoted leader. Never allow the "e" to be written before the "s" instead of after it, for he is a most orthodox man in both belief and conduct.

* *

ADVERTISING RALLY DAY

This is the way a Christian church in Visalia, Calif., did it: A poster and window-card was used, being illustrated with a fine cut of the school, made from a picture taken in the spring and bearing the invitation, "Be One of the Two Hundred We Expect to Have Present!" These posters were mailed to every member of the school, and were displayed in store windows, on automobile wind-shields and in other conspicuous places. In addition to the posters, generous space was used in both local newspapers, and a large number of faithful workers used the telephone, wrote personal letters and cards, and made a good many calls. The result was our largest attendance for several years, the aim of two hundred being reached.—*Lookout.*

* *

ECHOES FROM GALESBURG

It becomes more and more apparent that the Institute at Lombard College was highly successful, for correspondents continue to refer to it with enthusiasm.

"A feast," writes a state superintendent. "A delightful week," says a member of the faculty. "A great and happy experience," declares a state president. "A thoughly live affair," decides a college president.

Now we are planning for another in 1925.

* *

HOME DEPARTMENT STATISTICS

Mrs. Stoner is ever at work for the Home Departments, and she takes the trouble to keep the Executive Board informed of facts as she learns them.

Just now she tells of three new departments in New York and three in Ohio.

According to the reports that she has received the total membership in Pennsylvania is 103, in Ohio 199, in New York 280, and in Massachusetts 654. In spite of some inevitable losses, the movement is constantly in the right direction.

* *

DOWN, UP AGAIN, DOWN AGAIN

This is a tale of woe. A certain Sunday school held its sessions in a dismal basement but, after many pleadings, was allowed to meet in the cheerful auditorium. The church raised money for re-decorating and was so delighted with the results that it voted to send the Sunday school again to the cellar in order to protect the new paint from careless juvenile fingers. So those who are just now getting their first impressions of "the house of God," of religion, of human life, are attending (or failing to attend) services in darkness, dampness and disorder.

Beloved, go thou and do otherwise. There are two kinds of churches: those that think that anything is good enough for the children and those that think that nothing is too good for the children. Which have the key to the future?

Our Young People and Others

Conducted by Granville Hicks

A DUTCH YOUTH MOVEMENT

We in the United States believe that we have no youth movement, and it is truly doubtful if there is anything here which deserves the name. We have, however, a great many organizations of youth which are not unlike the movements in Europe. We know that our own organizations differ in purpose, organization, and scope, but we seem to believe that there is a European youth movement. On the contrary, there are youth movements, some Catholic, some Protestant, some disregarding religion altogether, and others avowedly atheistic; some are pacifistic, some rabidly nationalistic; some are radical, some reactionary. They have only one common trait, and that is that they all give free expression to the beliefs and feelings of youth. In this respect they differ from many American youth organizations, most of which are managed from above.

The only intelligent way to study European youth movements is to study them one at a time. We are therefore grateful to the *World To-morrow* for giving us some accurate information about the Dutch Workers' Youth Organization. Mr. A. Last, a leader of the movement, writes in the September issue of the paper an account of this organization of youth. From his article it appears that this movement is not so spontaneous or so independent as some. It was founded by the Dutch Socialist Democratic Labor Party, but is distinct from it and has its own characteristics.

This youth movement does not engage in politics. "The only points it wants from politics are disarmament, six-hour working day for youth combined with two school hours a day until the eighteenth year, and a fortnight holiday every year for young laborers." It is much more interested in enriching the lives of the young workers. It has given hundreds of courses in art, economics, culture. It publishes a magazine that is among the best in Holland. It stands for art permeating all life—"not the least vulgarity will anywhere be tolerated by its leaders." In their own open air theater the boys and girls produce fine plays, recite poetry, and otherwise cultivate the arts. The old folk dances have been revived with such success that they are danced by children in the streets and are fast ousting jazz.

Like other youth movements, this organization of Dutch workers places much emphasis upon outdoor life. Mr. Last describes their hut: "You may go to the Paaschheuvel (Easter Hut), the new camping house of the A. J. C. at Vierheuten, and you will find in the middle of the heath one of the finest masterpieces of modern architecture, without any Ionic or Corinthian pillars, any Gothic or Turkish ornament, but absolutely new, absolutely original, and still so wonderfully nice, so homelike and comfortable, that never any boy or girl leaves it without a sigh of regret and a longing to come back as soon as possible."

In closing Mr. Last sums up: "So far it has been successful. Even such things as its struggling against the movies have not lessened the popularity of the movement. The numbers continue to increase, and though labor conditions are now very poor in Holland, and the unions suffer in consequence, still the financial side of the youth movement is absolutely sound. Let us hope that this new spirit will grow and spread all over the world as a promise of better days to come, for most certainly there can be nothing more promising than youth itself striving by new ways for new and better ideals of fellowship and understanding."

* *

THE STUDENT AND INDUSTRY

In the *Onward* for July 18 Mr. John Hader wrote on the college student in industry. Mr. Hader, a graduate of Pomona College, has been studying for a year at Harvard, specializing in labor problems. He has worked in several industries, including coal mining. Both this summer and last he has been a member of the Rochester Industrial Service Group, composed of students from nine colleges who have been working summers not simply to save up money but to share the experiences of industrial workers. In this article Mr. Hader described the activities of the group: "Here under competent leadership the men are given a broader outlook on industrial conditions. As far as possible the men are encouraged to find their own jobs and to experience the position of the man out of work. Their jobs vary entirely according to the capacities of the men, skilled, semi-skilled, and common labor. Meetings are held three times a week, at which time a leader, chosen for his fitness to present the matter, gives his particular side of the argument, and in the question periods following more of the details of his position are brought out. Business heads and managers, superintendents and foremen, labor leaders and social workers, are all made to face the fire of questions and cross questions, after which the men are left to themselves to evaluate and discuss the topic presented."

This group functions under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., which conducts similar groups in other large cities. The Rochester group is of peculiar interest, however, because of the pronouncement which it has issued this summer. To many this statement will seem more than hopeful. It indicates the possibility of a *rapprochement* between workers and students working to the advantage of both. The resolution is as follows:

"*Whereas*, in the past college men have been engaging in industry under strike conditions without adequate knowledge of the true causes of the strike, and

"*Whereas*, such actions by college men have caused many strikes to be lost for the workers, whose cause was absolutely justified, and

"*Whereas*, such action by college men disturbs the feeling of fellowship between the college man and his industrial brother, creating suspicion and mistrust and breaking the bond of common fellowship in the interest of which we are working to establish better industrial relations.

"*Be it resolved:* That we, the members of the Rochester Industrial Service Group of 1924, hereby openly sympathize with the worker in his struggle for the betterment of labor, affirm our belief in the inalienable right of the worker to strike, and denounce the acts of college men who have in the past been instrumental in breaking strikes and condemn strike-breaking as an utter disregard of the workers' necessary struggle for a decent livelihood."

For the Quiet Hour

What is heaven but an everlasting access to God? and present access is a pledge of it.

Matthew Henry.

Think for a moment of the earthly life of Christ, and you will see that it was designedly linked with all the common, and even the commonest, things of life.

W. J. Dawson.

Each solitary kind action that is done, the whole world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. The more kindness there is on the earth at any given moment, the greater is the tendency of the balance between right and wrong to correct itself, and remain in equilibrium. Nay, this is short of the truth. Kindness allies itself with right to invade the wrong, and beat it off the earth. Justice is necessarily an aggressive virtue, and kindness is the amiability of justice.

Frederick William Faber.

We are theological—are we Christian? We are clever—are we good? We talk about Christ—do we live Christ? We defend the gospel—do we exemplify it? We speak with the tongues of men and of angels—have we love? How do we take rebukes, slights, misconceptions, misrepresentations?

Joseph Parker.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Miss Mabel Frances Knight, author and lecturer, is now living at 1 Mount Warren St., Roxbury, Mass., and is connected with our Roxbury Universalist church. Miss Knight has six different illustrated lectures on the music, legends, dances, folk lore, and history of the North American Indians. She is a graduate of Tufts College.

Dr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Ayres are at 13 Willow Street, Wollaston, Mass., pending his taking another pastorate. Both are accepting invitations to address churches, men's clubs, mission circles and young people's assemblies upon "Six Years of Experience in Japan."

Miss Charlotte Ayres, who has been studying the past summer in France, has begun her work as teacher of French at the White River Junction, Vermont, high school.

Rev. Henry B. Taylor, of whose serious accident in Rome and on the S. S. Arabic we wrote last week, is making rapid progress toward recovery at Meriden, Ct. The Meriden papers have been publishing long interviews with him upon his thrilling experiences.

Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., and Rev. R. Perry Bush, D. D., addressed the All Cape Rally of Universalists at Provincetown, Cape Cod, Sept. 7.

The address of Rev. Hazel I. Kirk will be 409 Edgewood Ave., New Haven, Conn., until Jan. 1, Miss Kirk going to New Haven to substitute for Dr. Theodore A. Fischer, who has been granted a leave of absence from his church.

Dr. and Mrs. F. O. Hall have been visiting Richard Billings at Woodstock, Vt.

Rev. Henry Williamson, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Dundee, Scotland, and one of the oldest ministers in the country, was presented with his portrait, painted by a famous Dundee artist, and a wallet of treasury notes, at a public function in the Art Galleries of Dundee on Aug. 18. Officers of the municipality and a large concourse of his fellow-citizens joined in the testimonial.

Sidney L. A. Paddock of South Acton, Mass., son of Rev. C. L. Paddock of Pigeon Cove, Mass., was married on Sept. 2, at Northfield, Vt., to Miss Lois Ruth Britain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Raymond Britain. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles E. Cregan, assisted by Rev. C. L. Paddock.

Chaplain George R. Longbrake, chaplain United States Army, with permanent station at Fort Worden, Wash., Headquarters of the Coast Defenses of Puget Sound, will be on special duty as a student at the Army Chaplains' School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, from Sept. 8 to Dec. 3, inclusive.

Rev. Charles P. Hall, of Pawtucket, R. I., superintendent of the Associated Charities, was elected senior vice-commander-in-chief at the national encampment of the Sons of Veterans in Boston.

Rev. W. H. Gould, of Livermore Falls, Maine, is bereaved by the death of his wife, which occurred Sept. 10, after an illness of about two weeks.

Alabama

Camp Hill.—The annual meetings of this church were an innovation this year in that they extended over an entire week instead of being limited to four days as heretofore. Rev. George A. Gay, of Chattanooga, was the preacher, and services were held every morning and night from Aug. 24 to 31 inclusive. Mr. Gay chose two series of sermons for the week with special topics for each Sunday. His theme each morning was "Prayer," and each evening, "How Jesus Helps Us." The concluding sermons were "Why I Am a Universalist" and a discussion of the origin and history of the idea of a personal devil and of the idea of hell. Dinner was served on the grounds the first Sunday and more than three hundred people were present. Sizable audiences attended every service despite extremely hot weather and the fact that the cotton was being picked a week or two earlier than usual due to the drought and the heat. The final services were attended by crowds which taxed the seating capacity of the church, and seven young men joined the church at the conclusion of the Sunday night service, making a total of nine for the week. Three children were christened at the Friday morning session, and ten persons were baptized. The annual business meeting of the church occurred Saturday night, Aug. 30, and the trustees were re-elected. A special meeting was called for Sunday night and the members remained until nearly eleven o'clock discussing methods for increasing the income of the church and making possible the calling of a minister. Camp Hill is the strongest Universalist church in the South in number of members. The church building is a handsome, commodious structure erected in 1907, and the parsonage is beautifully situated at the brow of a hill overlooking the town. It offers an unusual opportunity to do original and constructive work in a rural community to the man who is willing to lead an unusually intelligent and progressive group of people.

Massachusetts

Cheshire.—Rev. T. W. Horsfield, pastor. During the summer vacation we have redecorated the interior of our church. Within the past two years we have installed a new bell, built some substantial cement front steps and walk, and a cement block outside chimney. We hope within another year to install a new heater and within two years to lay a new carpet and paint the church. Our attendance is not large, but our pastor is giving us sermons decidedly worth hearing. We have the best wishes of the community as is evidenced by a most liberal patronage at all of our church entertainments.

Michigan

Detroit.—Rev. F. D. Adams, D. D., pastor. Services were resumed Sept. 7, with a surprisingly large congregation, including many strangers. Dr. Adams preached on "The Job as a Moral Stabilizer." The Y. P. C. U. held its first meeting of the year with a record attendance. During vacation the parish house has been given a thorough cleaning and the floors were all revarnished. The church floors and the chancel were also treated to new varnish. A church year book and a church publicity calendar were published and made ready for distribution during September. This church has officially accepted its five-year Crusade quota of $2,160 per year. All indications are for a wonderfully prosperous year, and the official slogan is, "One hundred new members this year."

New York

Southold.—Rev. Abram Conklin, pastor. The preacher at the morning service on Sunday, Aug. 24, was Rev. E. L. Conklin, of Derby Line, Vt. At the close of the service Mr. Conklin baptized his grandson, Richard Stanton Mulford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook Mulford. Besides the child's grandparents, his great-grandmother, Mrs. Julia L. Conklin, and a great, great uncle, Oscar L. Wells, were present. Mrs. E. L. Conklin joined the church by letter from the church at Webster, N. Y.

Ohio

Blanchester.—Rev. W. R. Rowland, pastor. The church vacation was in July this year; and in record breaking heat services were resumed the first Sunday in August. The attendance has been very good all the time. The mid-week meetings have been maintained and the Sunday school. On the last Sunday of July, Mr. Robert Cummins, now of Fort Thomas, Ky., supplied the pulpit while the minister was attending the West Virginia Conference. Mr. Cummins has recently returned from two years work in Bangkok, Siam, and is available for Universalist churches. Blanchester people felt that it was a rare treat to hear him, and feel that any church will be fortunate which gets him as a supply. Rev. R. S. Keller-

man was preacher at one of the evening services and warmly welcomed by all.

Cuba.—The church is greatly enjoying the fine auditorium since it was refurnished and decorated, and the Sunday school and W. U. M. A. are doing good work. We recently enjoyed a visit from Rev. F. K. Evans, now living in Dayton, O.

Vermont

Hartland Four Corners.—The services on Old Home Sunday were interesting and inspiring. Ministers present were Rev. William Couden of Concord, Michigan, Rev. Stanley Spear of Roxbury, Mass., Rev. Donald Flower, Rev. C. O. Gill of the Congregational church, Rev. H. H. Hines of the Woodstock Congregational church, and the summer pastor, Rev. Lucius R. Paige of Cambridge, Mass. At the morning service Rev. Stanley G. Spear presented to the church a beautiful silver communion service with individual cups. The church fair, held on the parsonage lawn Aug. 21, was a great success.

West Virginia

Fork Ridge.—The building of the new state road from Moundsville to Cameron has proved a great factor in the growth of the Fork Ridge work. Here is a wonderful Sunday school. The addition of eleven young men and women to the membership at the recent Conference is a great aid to the work. This church is the main stay of the West Virginia Conference.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1924

Previously reported	1,827
Feasterville, S. C.	5
Frost, Ohio	1
Round Pond, Maine	15
Camp Hill, Ala.	9
Fork Ridge, W. Va.	11
Total	1,868

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 754. Feasterville, S. C., 1. Fremont, N. H., 1. Round Pond, Maine, 8. Camp Hill, Ala., 3. Total, 767.

* *

STATE MINISTERS' MEETING

The State Ministers' Meeting of Massachusetts, which sometimes enlarges to the proportions of an interstate gathering, will be held this year on Oct. 13. This meeting is held on the years alternating with the sessions of the General Convention. The place of the meeting will be the new edifice of the Second Society of Boston, an appealing program is being prepared and a large attendance is anticipated.

* *

MISSION STUDY LESSONS

The Mission Study Committee has arranged for a series of six lessons to be given at 176 Newbury St., Universalist Headquarters, Tuesday afternoons at 2 o'clock, with Rev. Isabella S. Macduff as teacher. Miss Macduff will consider "China" and Home Missions. To defray expense the sum of twenty-five cents per lesson will be charged.

The first lesson will be Sept. 23, continuing Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28 and Nov. 4.

Members of Circles are *earnestly* invited to come to these meetings and to bring their friends.

Ida Vossema,
Chairman Mission Study.

* *

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSALIST CONFERENCE

The twenty-ninth annual session of the West Virginia Universalist Conference was held in the Fork Ridge Church, Glen Easton, W. Va., on the last four days of August.

The Conference was organized by Rev. Q. H. Shinn, D. D., and before that there had been occasional gatherings of Universalists called "conventions." Over eighty years ago Father Terrill preached in Marshall County (Fork Ridge). Over seventy-five years ago there was a church building on "The Ridge." The present and third structure is a beautiful church in a wonderful place for beauty, and well equipped. At the annual conference this year the children of the church came home from California, Iowa, Ohio, Pennsylvania and other states—all loyal to the faith.

The first service was held in the Glen Easton church (Methodist), and on Friday at 2 p. m. the Conference opened in Fork Ridge church, continuing that evening, Saturday afternoon and evening, and all day Sunday. The attendance was very large, coming from Wheeling, Moundsville, Glen Easton, Cameron, Clarksburg, Hundred, and other places.

Great interest was felt in the report from Wyatt, where the only other church building in the state is located. Here a flood destroyed the church interior two years ago and all the books and organ. These were replaced and a second flood this year repeated the work of destruction. Here is a wonderful opportunity, as the great number of people interested in the mines are seeking for a liberal religion and like ours, while they are not very familiar with it. The Conference has done what it could, but after the best of endeavors there has been but little preaching here. There are several of the older Universalists scattered about the country around Wyatt, and whether the work goes here or not largely depends upon their endeavors, as the people who are more lately interested were hard hit by the flood and the situation in the coal fields and are unable right now to do a great amount financially. The General Convention has offered to aid the work to some extent, and the Conference voted to go on and make a big try to have the work of a minister in West Virginia.

The sermons of the Conference were listened to with deep attention by large congregations, and a large amount of literature was distributed. At the morning service on Sunday, eleven young people united with the church. The missionary offering for the West Virginia work was large, and it would seem that the people were at last about to realize their ambition to have a minister in the state. It is a remarkable fact that for years the work has been held up with no resident pastor.

The writer was first in West Virginia in 1919 on Labor Day and preached for a few evenings at Fork Ridge. Since then he has been going there something like three week day evenings a month, and has made a few visits to Wyatt. The Ohio state superintendent has aided a few times in the same way and last year the Akron, Ohio, pastor and Professor Olin of Akron were the Conference preachers. In a few days there will be a visit made to some of our loyal members in Lost Creek and Wyatt and the decision will be made as to what the Conference is able to do.

The officers of the Conference for the coming year are: J. Randall Crow, Logan, president; Wallace Crouch, Moundsville, first vice-president; Millard Hubbs, Fork Ridge, second vice-president; Miss Eva Terrill, Glen Easton, secretary; John Richea, Glen Easton, treasurer; Brice Allen, Hundred, member of board.

W. R. Rowland.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 25)

read as well as valuable. His activities with organized labor in this country have prepared him to study the course of labor abroad. If anything he is over sympathetic, but the outline form prevents him from being partisan.

* *

Current Magazines

The September issue of the *World Tomorrow* contains several articles on education, particularly on education in social ideals. Mr. Sylvester B. Butler writes very practically on "Public School Possibilities," and G. Bromley Oxnam discusess religious education under the very clever title, "Can Fishermen Feed Sheep?"

In the *Christian Century* for Sept. 4 appears a chapter from Harry Emerson Fosdick's forthcoming book, "The Modern Use of the Bible."

Notices

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The ninety-sixth annual session of the Maine Universalist Convention will be held in the Universalist Church in Gardiner, Maine, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 23 and 24, 1924. This meeting is held for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and transacting such other business as may legally come before it.

The Maine State Y. P. C. U. will hold its annual convention Monday afternoon and evening, Sept. 22; the State Sunday School Association on Monday evening and Tuesday morning; the State Women's Universalist Missionary Society on Tuesday afternoon; and the closing session of the entire gathering

will be the Comrades' banquet on Wednesday evening.

Stanley Manning, Secretary.

* *

W. U. M. S. OF MAINE

The thirtieth annual Convention of the W. U. M. S. of Maine will be held in the Universalist church at Gardiner, on Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1924, at 2 p. m., for the election of officers, and any other business that may legally come before this meeting.

Persis Shedd, Secretary.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION

The ninety-third annual session of the Pennsylvania Universalist Convention is to be held in the Universalist church of Girard, Pa., Sept. 23, 24 and 25. The Girard church extends a cordial invitation to all ministers and delegates, and friends of the faith. Lodging and breakfast will be provided in our homes, free. Dinner and supper will be served in the Parish House.

We can better serve you if you will let us know that you are coming, and how many there will be in your party.

Herbert H. Graves, Minister.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE CONVENTION

The ninety-second annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist State Convention will be held at Marlboro, Sept. 24, 25, for the hearing of reports, election of officers for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Preacher of annual sermon, Rev. Henry A. Parkhurst. Addresses by Rev. J. M. Atwood, D. D., Rev. R. F. Johonnot, D. D., and H. H. Metcalf, Esq.

Those desiring entertainment apply as early as possible to Mrs. Ray H. Page, Marlboro, N. H.

Asa M. Bradley, Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION OF MINNESOTA

Notice is hereby given that the fifty-ninth annual session of the Universalist Convention of Minnesota will be held at the St. Paul Universalist Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, Oct. 1 and 2, for the election of officers, reports, etc., and any such business that may come before the Convention.

Thomas J. Farmer, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The ninety-ninth annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will be held in the First Universalist Church, Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 7, 8 and 9, for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK W. U. M. S.

The thirteth annual Convention of the Women's Universalist Missionary Society of New York State will be held in the First Universalist Church, Rochester, N. Y., Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 8, 1924, at 1.30 p. m. Election of officers will take place, reports given and other business transacted.

Edith W. Johnson,
Recording Secretary.

* *

COMMUNION SERVICES

Two communion services, silver, will be given to churches willing to pay the transportation.

Leroy W. Coons,
Superintendent Massachusetts Universalist Churches,
176 *Newbury St., Boston.*

* *

MASSACHUSETTS W. U. M. S.

The Presidents' Council under the auspices of the Women's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts will be held Tuesday, Sept. 30, at Bethany Union, 14 Worcester St., Boston, beginning at 10.30 o'clock. Luncheon will be served at 50 cents per plate.

Mrs. Minnie Jackson Ayres will present the work of our Japan Mission, and Miss Florence Luscomb will speak on "Law Enforcement." Chairmen of departments and presidents of local circles will bring messages of interest and the state president, Miss Grace F. White, will have a special message for us all. The Round Table talks will be helpful.

Presidents and secretaries with the State Board are the guests for the day, and all such should notify Mrs. George E. Huntley, 1010 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, of their intention to be present, not later than Monday, Sept. 29, that reservations may be made for the luncheon.

* *

INDIANA STATE CONVENTION

The seventy-seventh annual session of the Universalist Convention of Indiana will be held in Central Universalist Church, Indianapolis, Oct. 2, 3 and 4, beginning at 1 p. m. Thursday, for the hearing of reports, election of officers, and the transaction of such business as may legally come before it.

Pearl M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

INDIANA Y. P. C. U

The thirtieth annual Convention of the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Churches of Indiana will be held in the Indianapolis Universalist church on Saturday, Oct. 4, 1924.

Fern E. Moseley, Secretary.

* *

ANNUAL MEETING OF W. N. M. A.

The annual session of the Board of the W. N. M. A. will be held at the Universalist Publishing House, 176 Newbury St., Boston, on Oct. 22-23.

The session will convene at 9 a. m. Oct. 22, for the purpose of hearing reports and transacting all business which may be legally brought before it at that time.

Josephine B. Folsom,
Recording Secretary.

* *

BALLOU ASSOCIATION

The Ballou Association will hold its annual session at Milford, Ohio, Sept. 26, 27, 28, 1924, in the Universalist church. All members and interested friends are cordially invited to attend every meeting.

Jennie M. Brown, Secretary.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA CONVENTION

The North Carolina State Convention will be held at Clinton, Sept. 25-28. All persons expecting to attend are requested to notify Rev. L. P. Jones if they wish to be met at the station.

* *

AMERICAN CIVIC ASSOCIATION

The Annual Meeting and Park Conference of the American Civic Association will be held at the New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., Oct. 7, 8, 9. Topics of discussion will be parks, playgrounds and national forests, their land values and their human values.

* *

MICHIGAN W. U. M. S.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Michigan Universalist Missionary Society, will be held at the Universalist church, Olinda, Ontario, Oct. 6, 7, for the election of officers, hearing of reports, and such other business as may come before the meeting.

Mrs. S. L. Holmes, Secretary.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION BOOKS

The books of the Universalist General Convention close on Sept. 30, the end of the fiscal year. All payments to be credited in this year's accounts must be in the hands of the Secretary by that date. Send all remittances to Rev. Roger F. Etz., Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION TRUSTEES

The Board of Trustees of the General Convention will meet in New York on Oct. 20, 21, 1924, to receive reports and transact any business which may legally come before the meeting. All matters to be presented to the Board should be in the hands of the Secretary, Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., not later than Oct. 13, 1924.

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 23-25. Pennsylvania State Convention. Girard.
Sept. 23-24. Maine State Convention. Gardiner.
Sept. 24, 25. New Hampshire State Convention. Marlboro.
Sept. 25-28. North Carolina Convention. Clinton.
Oct. 1-2. Minnesota State Convention. St. Paul.
Oct. 3-5. Indiana State Convention. Indianapolis.
Oct. 6-7. Michigan Convention, Olinda, Ontario.
Oct. 7-9. California Convention, Pasadena.
Oct. 7-9. New York State Convention. Rochester.

* *

CALENDAR OF CHURCH YEAR

The Board of Trustees of the General Convention has adopted the following denominational calendar for the church year 1924 and 25 as recommended by the Council of Executives.

1924

September 28, Rally Sunday.
October 19, Laymen's Sunday.
November 2, All Souls Day.
November 9, Japan Day.
November 23, Thanksgiving Sunday.
December 21, Christmas Sunday.

1925

January 25, Young People's Day.
March 1, First Sunday in Lent.
April 12, Easter.
April 26, Women's Day.
May 10, Mother's Day.
May 17, Educational Day.
May 24, Memorial Sunday.
June 14, Children's Day.

Obituary

Mrs. Maud Chase Whitehead

Mrs. Maud Chase Whitehead, wife of James F. Whitehead, passed away at her home in Dover, N. H., Sept. 4, after a long and wearing illness. She was born in Alfred, Maine, sixty-one years ago, daughter of John L. and Maria Chase Grant, coming to Dover a child of twelve. Besides her husband she leaves a sister, Mrs. Harry H. Hovey of Whitman, Mass., nephews, nieces, and cousins.

She was interested in civic affairs, a member of Purity Rebekah Lodge, and of the Emblem Club of Dover.

Most of all she will be missed from her place in Pierce Memorial Universalist Church of Dover, of which she was a loyal member, devoted to all its interests. She was a woman of strong character, given to hospitality and good works, and closely associated with a large circle of friends.

Funeral services were held from the home Sept. 6, burial in Pine Hill Cemetery.

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WANTED. A girl of fifteen, with much experience in life, to look after a child.—*Want ads from English newspapers, collected by the International Book Review.*

* *

Old John, custodian of the bath-houses at an English resort, was in the habit of entering Miss Augusta's compartment before she had completely reclothed herself.

One morning she said to him: "John, you ought to knock before you come in. Some day you might come in while I was undressed."

To which honest old John replied: "Lor' bless you, miss! no danger of that. I allus peeks through the knot-hole afore I comes in."—*Dayton Journal.*

* *

The new Justice of the Peace was serving on his first day.

"The next case," began the clerk, "is that of Frederick Smith, alias Jones, alias Robinson, charged with assault and battery."

The new Justice was not to be rushed, however. "One at a time, one at a time," he cautioned. "And first, the women. Bring in Elise Jones."—*Savannah News.*

* *

F. P. A. quotes as the prize-winner for gentle understatement and inoffensive negation the following from a letter to a contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal:* "I am sorry that we have been unable to discover something in your manuscript which makes us refuse to send it back, but such has not been the case."—*Churchman.*

* *

He: "I've a great mind to rock the boat and frighten you."

She: "Once before a young man like you tried that with me and the boat upset."

He: "And what did you do?"

She: "I swam ashore and notified the coroner."—*London Answers.*

* *

One reason why the old-time preacher threatened his flock with hell was because he didn't have much salary to lose.—*Detroit Free Press.*

* *

The easiest thing for an auto to run into is debt.—*Toledo Blade.* Ask any pedestrian what he thinks.—*Iowa Legionnaire.*

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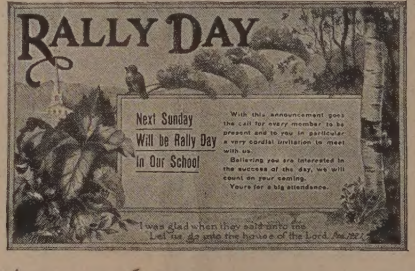

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